

**MIKE'S LITTLE SECRET: How Hard Lemonade Funds Fine Wine**

# Maclean's

Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine

August 27, 2001 www.macleans.ca \$4.50

**CENTRAL AMERICA**  
Much Ado About a  
Canadian Dam

**STEM CELLS**  
Promise in a  
Moral Minefield

## Black + White ...equals black,

says author  
Lawrence Hill in  
an excerpt from  
his provocative  
new book

Mixed-race  
Canadians  
chronicle their  
search for  
identity



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# From the Editor

## The art of a magazine, by design

Years ago, the story goes, the great Pablo Picasso was eating in a café one day when he was recognized by an American tourist. The excited woman introduced herself politely—coining herself for the disturbance—but then asked that he draw something for her. Picasso demurred, but the woman repeated her demand, asking him to “just sketch something and I’ll pay whatever you think it’s worth.” Finally, the exasperated painter picked up his napkin, sketched a few lines, and handed it to the woman. Her immediate pleasure then turned to shock when Picasso asked for an impossibly high amount of money. “But it only took you 30 seconds to do,” she protested. “True, madame,” he replied, “but it took me 30 years to learn how to do that.”

That story, perhaps apocryphal, has been told in various forms over the years, but the point each time remains the same. Making the hard look easy is an art form in itself—and it’s not surprising that experience often plays a large part in that process. Journalism is no exception. Each week, *Maclean's* strives to tell, providing complexity new editorial content. The same is true of newspapers and all forms of news delivery: there's not exactly a big market for means in our business. Along with the requisite writing, reporting, presentation and design skills, time management is as much an asset for journalists as it is for our readers.

With all that in mind, it's a particular pleasure this week to introduce Donna Braggins, *Maclean's* new Art Director. Donna is widely recognized as one of the country's top specialists in her field: she comes to us from our sister publication in Canadian Business Media Ltd., where she has been Corporate Art Director for the past decade. During that time, she's won several national awards for magazine design, and presided over the transition of *Canadian Business* from a monthly into a twice-monthly publication. In addition to her obvious design talents, Donna is wide-

ly recognized for her management skills: she's a past president of the National Magazine Awards Foundation, a graduate of York University's executive program, has overseen technology strategy and purchases for Canadian Business Media Ltd., and served as a member of the division's management board.

Donna's abilities and background will be of crucial importance naturally as we continue our redefinition of the magazine in coming months. She is a big believer in what she calls “visual journalism”—meaning that each story should be a collaborative effort among writers, editors and the people who decide how the words will look on the page. As regular readers know, we have begun in recent months to offer more guest essays, enhanced use of photos and different graphic illustrations. That means our overall design has had to become more flexible—which, in turn, requires more careful planning than ever. That's just the beginning. You'll see more changes in the magazine's look later this fall, the ones we're sure to make it more reader-friendly than ever, and to find the form of presentation that best reflects the words we put on each page. It's the equivalent of finding the right words to be the way we present ourselves to readers says a lot about the magazine's personality, and what we think you'll find most appealing. We'll pay close heed, as always, to reader feedback. In the meantime, we assure that a lot of thought and experience goes into our efforts—and we don't charge nearly as much as Picasso.

*Angie Wilk-John*

respondent@maclean.ca or to comment on From the Editor

### NEWSROOM NOTES

#### Becoming colour-blind

Absent Managing Editor Patricia Hickey, who co-edited this week's cover package, is particularly interested in the subject of race because hers is a mixed-race family—adopted daughter Zhu, 3½, was born in China. “Of course, I have only a scant idea of what it's like to grow up as a white or mixed-race in Canada,” says Hickey, whose own background is Slovak and Italian. “My hope is that our daughter

won't feel alienated because she looks different from her parents. It was a little sobering to read about Lawrence Hill's identity issues, and about the anguish experienced by some of the other mixed-race people featured in the cover package.”

In 1996, Canada was home to 3.2 million persons who identified themselves as members of a visible minority—11.2 per cent of the population. This year's census will almost certainly indicate an increase. Prejudice



Hickey with Zhu

continues to exist, and the country still has a long way to go before non-Canadians feel as comfortable in their skin as the white majority. But anecdotal evidence suggests race is less of a divisive factor than it once was, with more and more couples getting together across racial divides. “I'm publisher when I see mixed-race couples,” says Hickey, “because they represent the kind of society I want my daughter to grow up in—one in which race creates no barriers whatsoever.”









## COUPLE OF CLODS

The warning on the box of Clodhoppers Candy says "highly addictive." No false advertising there: this treat, which emcee Chris Emery and Larry Pannozzi call a "crunchy, crunchy, unackable confection"—in vanilla, chocolate and peanut butter—is irresistible. Actually, so are Emery and Pannozzi. The two hypeman, motormouthed Winnipeggers, have been friends since high school and have always had dollar signs in their eyes. "When we were younger," says Pannozzi, 31, "we would sit around thinking of ways to make a million bucks." Neither would have guessed Emery's grandmother's candy recipe of cayenne, graham wafers and chocolate would be their ticket. "We noticed that my co-workers were eating it all the time," says Emery, 33. "Flinted and finally thought it was delicious." Here

was something they could market.

In 1996, the two pals, along with Emery's dad, invested \$20,000 to start Emery's Candy Co. and produced 25 kg of Clodhoppers, which they sold at local stores and craft shows. In 1998, Canadian Wal-Mart agreed to carry Clodhoppers, even featuring them in one of their commercials. This year, more Wal-Marts in the United States will stock the candy. Northwest and WestJet Airlines offer small bags as in-flight snacks and there's even a Clodhopper Festival in Deer Park, Ont.

In six years, they have produced more than 450,000 kg. "We have found ourselves," says Emery, adding that to Chemun they're changing the company name from Knish to the more fun & jerry-like Chis and Larry. Wild on the way to their million-dollar dream, Emery and Pannozzi act like kids in a candy store—and their enthusiasm is highly addictive.

S.D.

## OVER AND UNDER ACHIEVERS

### The revival of Preston Rex

*Moving back for a (forced) return engagement. Day out, stage right. And a little overacting from the business lobby.*

➔ **Previous Meaning:** Ends silence on Alliance explosion with an open apology on "principled co-operation" with Toronto Election Commission staff



➔ **Stocked Boy:** Chris Manning for breaking Alliance solidarity. Is it such riotous matter in these days for the party Discipline lobby.

➔ **Timothy Flaherty:** Writer's play *Blackbird Rex* premiered at last year's Stratford Festival, is heading for London's West End and a television production.

➔ **Joe Urquhart:** Novelist's *The Silver Crown* on the 24-hour "logline" up for Booklist Prize. Sorry, the up arrow is reserved for the shelves of his



➔ **Perrin Beatty:** Canadian medical champion. Canadian Manufacturers and Exporters have sworn our industry from "extinction" unless it gets more competitive.

### It did work for the corporate companies...



## Colour me plum stucco

*Thinking about painting the outside of your home? Good luck. There are not only endless shades of familiar colours but unrecognizable ones like Seneca (teal) and Popcorn (light green). To help with this difficult aesthetic decision, we offer a sample of the most popular exterior paint colours from neighbourhood across the country.*

**Bayview Lake**  
Bayview Park at North York  
The most popular combinations are better yellow with white trim or pale green with a soft yellow trim and a neutral door.

**Shedden, Ont.** Just south east of Montreal  
Residents are choosing early greens

**Ottawa, Ont.** A suburb of Ottawa  
There are generally black and white houses in this area, but those who are painting the exterior of their homes are using Appleton (grey-green) and Seneca.

**The Riverside**  
neighbourhood of Toronto  
Homeowners are choosing to refresh their brick and paint their hard doors a high gloss bright British red

**The Elmwood**  
neighbourhood of Winnipeg  
Houses tend to have siding or stucco because of the harsh winter, and the popular choice for exterior is currently a light blue stucco with darker plum builtouts around the doors and windows.

**Victoria**  
The trendy base paint colours are Popcorn and Butter Pecan (pale yellow)

## 'I'm in pretty good shape for my age, you know'

Vancouver's Maggie Anderson may not be the speediest swimmer in the pool, but she will take home a blue ribbon in the backstroke at this year's B.C. Senior's Games in Surrey nonetheless. The 98-year-old grey-haired swimmer is the only athlete in her age division.

Anderson, who was taught to swim at English Bay by Vancouver's legendary lifeguard Joe Barnes when she was a baby, is a veteran of 35 polar bear swims. But she never considered racing until the day she spied a blue ribbon for the first time. "One day, this gentleman and I were having coffee," says Anderson, "and he was showing me all his blue ribbons, and I thought, if he can do that, so can I."

Since her first race at age 86, Anderson has collected some 70 blue ribbons and 60 medals, and set nine international records for Masters' swimming. "It's an inspiration to anyone who gets wet," says Denis Crockett, a co-ordinator for the Senior's Games. "We believe that the oldest registered competitive swimmer in the world."

Anderson, a former wild square dancer,



Anderson, 98, keeps picking up the ribbons

swims two to three times a week with her senior's swim group, the Silver Lines, and still occasionally breaks her own records. "She's not really getting any faster," says son Doug, a 72-year-old retired Air Canada pilot and fellow competitive swimmer. "But she always gets a great ovation from the spectators." Applause—and ribbons—aside, Anderson sees another great reason to continue testing the waters. "It keeps me healthy. I'm in pretty good shape for my age, you know."

Barbara Green

## www.donttellemeimoverdrawnagain.ca

Given the collective Canadian fear that the country is soon to be engulfed by that all-pervasive, all-consuming U.S. culture machine, new data on internet use ought to relieve a sigh of relief. Defies Canadians and Americans are different. We drink, they shop. We use a high speed connection, they gamble. It may not be the perfect panacea to Canada's favourite national complaint—cultured a soliloquy—but hey, the new data from pollster Ipsos-Reid proves once again that Canadians do it our way.

	CANADA	U.S.
Online	72%	58%
With a high-speed internet connection	28	14
Use online banking services	63	29
Used the Internet to search for a new doctor	3	12
Looked up disease prevention information online	48	26
Gamble on the Internet	1	12
Shop online	68	77
Last online purchase made at a Canadian Web site	67	1
Last online purchase made at an American Web site	27	93

\*Includes only those who have used Internet for medical purposes



# And the beat goes on

My summer job is hell. Well, maybe it's not that bad. I work as a data entry clerk for the accounts payable department of your average corporation, which means that I spend the entire day sitting in a comfortable chair either typing or filing. My co-workers are fun to be around, my hours are flexible, and at the end of the week I get a fairly decent paycheck. There are some things about my job I quite like, but there is one thing that at my workplace that is driving me bonkers.

The only radio station my company plays is Easy Rock.

At first, I was pleasantly surprised to learn that they played the radio at the office, and I figured it would make the already undemanding work seem less like work. But I had never heard of this portable station before. I assumed from its name that it would be a little more than others I was fully prepared to listen to pop songs with the swaying blipstep out, mixed in with some subdued stuff from Steind and the Tragically Hip. What I wasn't prepared for was constant inducing noise.

I listen to music to pump me up, hence my bookshelves for stations with names like *Rage*, *Flow* and *Energy*. When I turn on the radio, I want *Gwen Stefani* to *Blow My Mind*. I'm dying to fall in love with the girl in blonde 180's *The Rock Show*. I need to cruise around with D12 on those *Purple Mz's*!

But then listening to Easy Rock, all my spirit and spirit get dragged down with bel-it's-Bad-er-Chew. And then, as if I'm not feeling awkward enough having Phil Collins share his *Greatest Hits* of Love, Lionel Richie makes me gag by letting me know that he's still *Easy Like a Sunday Morning*. It seems as if songs with more than one drumbeat every two seconds or a hint of controversy simply don't exist in the Easy Rock universe.

And just when I think it can't get any worse, on comes the "classic" show. I already have enough of a problem with virtually all of the music from the '60s and '70s, with its abominably high-pitched males, radioactive electric instruments and untidy mix of carbohydrates and strings. But playing the most mind-numbing music from that era is simply cruel.



Music should make you feel something and feel it like a kick to the gut

What were those songwriters smoking when they wrote that pop—oh, wait, dumb question.

Don't get me wrong, I don't hate Easy Rock because it plays older songs. If the station played some Pink Floyd or Rush/DM6 into their playlists, then I wouldn't be complaining. It's just that music should make you feel something and feel it like a kick to the gut. It should infuriate you with merriment; it should get you energized; it should make you hurt like the first time you got dumped. Music should make you dance regardless of where you are—even though I'm still paying for the time I crashed my car while trying to *Ride the Pig*. But the "anti-music" I'm currently being subjected to only serves to quash any emotional high and replace it with a scolding blish.

And I guess that's why Easy Rock is the perfect work radio station. Most office atmospheres are full of stress, making me think that some Lamp Blues wouldn't so much make the day go faster as increase the incidence of pencil-snappings. So maybe the majority of employees and managers choose that station because it offers some understanding, even while maintaining worker efficiency. Unfortunately, this means that every day young

workers like me are well worn to smash their heads into a wall after hearing Rod Stewart for the third time in four hours.

Since I can't do without the money I've had to put up with this horrible stuff, meaning its purifying effects with all my might. And believe me, it hasn't been easy. More than once

while at work I've caught myself thinking about marriage and settling down to raise a family when I should have been thinking about where to party that weekend. At my weakest moment, I found myself actually feeling Elton

John's *Love Triangle* (but at least as it's been over the past few months, I'm pretty sure I can pull through). My Easy Rock countermeasures—drinking beer after work and cranking up my stereo until the bass vibrates the floor—seem to be working quite well. Moreover, for the first time ever I'm looking forward to school. Because even with all the stress, the studying and the stress, I can at least look on to my best's contents.

Richard Young, from Toronto, Ont., is pressing anything

## Overture Passages

**Featured:** *Violinista* Clarke says the never knowingly took the banned steroid anabolic that turned up in a doping test and prompted her expulsion from Canada's team at the recent world archery championships in Edmonton.

Clarke, a 34-year-old teaching assistant from Oakham, Ont., won the national 100-metre butterfly championship last June. When she over-reported more than a week after being informed of the failed test, she said she has no idea how the drug got into her system. "This," she said, "isn't simply going against everything I've stood for as a person."

**Insipid:** *Alana Kaina*, the 36-year-old estranged wife of Congate software founder Michael Potter, is seeking a lump-sum payment of \$10 million and a monthly \$100,000 in their divorce settlement. If granted, the amount would set a Canadian support record. Kaina and Potter, an Ottawa society couple, separated in September, 1999, after only three months of marriage. And although Potter, 57, bought Kaina—a former journalist—a \$600,000 house, she says the \$15,000 per month (current support payments don't cover the expenditure) \$27,000 a month she spends on their two young daughters and herself.

**Awarded:** The international Stockholm Junior Water Prize for a student under 20 years of age who has contributed to water conservation and improvement through research was awarded to Mathieu Brousseau of St-Jean-Charles, Que., for his project, "Dairy farm effluent treatment by flocculation." Brousseau, 16, who beat out finalists from 17 countries, was honoured with a crystal sculpture and a \$7,700 scholarship.

**Signed:** After a successful premiere at the Stratford Festival last year, Timothy Findley's play *Elihu* will be produced in London and on television. Won't that theatre producer Duncan Wilson se-

curated the stage rights and Toronto's Ribena Media will purchase the TV rights for the Governor General Award-winning drama. Findley, born in Toronto and now living in Stratford, Ont., has written several other plays and won the 1997 Governor General Award for his novel *The Wars*.

**Charged:** Paul Barrell, who worked for the British Royal Family for 21 years, most notably as Diana, Princess of Wales' butler, has been charged with three counts of theft involving \$35 items from Diana's estate, 21 from Prince William and six from Prince Charles. The items—some of which Barrell insists were given to him by Diana, and others he says belong to his wife—were allegedly stolen on or before June 30, 1998. The 43-year-old butler, whom Diana often referred to as "my rock," was arrested in January and a coronial hearing will take place on Oct. 12.

**Donated:** Singer Ben Moller has given a Toronto area \$30,000 to help him attend the expensive and prestigious University of Guelph. An English School of the Arts and Architecture, Stephen Hedges, 31, was offered a covered spot in the master of fine arts program, but initially turned it down because he couldn't cover the \$23,000 tuition as well as living expenses. UCLA area professor and Moller friend Roger Henson found out about Hedges' dilemma and asked the access to donate some funds.

**Finest:** *Commander Eric Leitch*, the Canadian war commander suspended for staffing pornography. With stress in his work computer, was fined \$200 following a court mistrial. Leitch was relieved of his command of the Pacific fleet in mid-June after admitting that he visited inappropriate "Pearl Harbor-like sites" while off duty. Leitch divulged his activities when he learned he might have to sit in judgment of a subordinate who was charged with misuse of military equipment—also for viewing porn sites. Leitch, 52, is currently assigned to administrative duties at Halifax, and is awaiting a decision on whether he will get his post back.



## INTERNET GUIDE

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## ROLLING INTO THE WEST BANK

Israeli forces squared off against Palestinian fighters near the West Bank town of Beit Jala on Aug. 24 as clashes continued in the Middle East. Israeli tanks and bulldozers also moved into the West Bank town of Jeric and destroyed a police headquarters in the second intifada into Palestinian territory in 10 months of violence. The move was in retaliation for a number of terrorist attacks the government claimed had been launched against Israeli targets from Jeric.



## Demanding an inquest

Ontario's opposition parties demanded a coroner's inquest into the unusual circumstances surrounding the death of Kimberly Rogers, a pregnant Sudbury woman, whose body was discovered in her apartment in two weeks after giving a promising birth. The 30-year-old Rogers, who was sentenced to six months' house arrest after pleading guilty in April to defrauding the welfare system, had lost her eligibility for welfare and was in her eighth month of pregnancy. An autopsy was inconclusive and the cause of death was still under investigation.

## Running at sea

Canadian authorities in St. John's, Nfld., arrested three Russian sailors who were in charge of the tanker *Virgo* when it allegedly assumed a smaller U.S. fishing trawler on Aug. 5, killing three crew members. According to a criminal complaint filed with the U.S. district court in Washington, the Russian officers then failed to respond to

calls for help immediately after the accident. An extradition hearing for the men, who face involuntary manslaughter charges in the United States, will likely be held this fall. Moscow reacted angrily to the arrests, charging Canada was

persecuting the sailors and saying other ships in the area could have been responsible for the accident.

## The fight over Rodin

On the eve of a special exhibition of its Auguste Rodin col-

lection at the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto, the MacLaren Art Centre of Burlington, Ont., was forced to defend the authenticity of the sculptures after Artcoastre Roman, the director of the French sculptor's numerous studios in Paris, and the collection of more than 70 works cannot be authenticated positively. The complex debate centres on whether the plaster and bronze Rodins are part of an original series, or merely reproductions using the same models employed to make the originals. Roman called for a boycott of the show, which includes such famous works as *The Kiss* and *The Thinker* and will open at the ROM on Sept. 20. The MacLaren says it has overwhelming documentation to prove the authenticity of its \$40-million collection.

## Change of heart

Archbishop Emmanuel Milingo, 71, who shocked the Vatican by marrying in a New York City mass wedding held by Rev. Stan Myung Moon's Unification Church in May,

has reconciled his life with South Korean acupuncturist Mary Song and returned to the Russian Catholic Church. Milingo had been criticized by the Vatican for his colourful comments and healing ceremonies before he married the woman Moon chose for him. Song, last week started a hunger strike to get her husband back.

## The Mounties step in

Toronto police Chief Julian Fennell called in the RCMP to take over an internal investigation of alleged corruption within the force. Since 1999, the probe has resulted in charges of theft, fraud, forgery and a breach of trust against eight members of a downtown drug squad and implicated more than a dozen officers in reappropriating funds meant for anti-drugs. As a result, at least 115 investigations have unfolded.

## Controversial visit

Japanese Prime Minister Junichiro Koizumi faced criticism at home and abroad after he paid homage at Yasukuni, a controversial Shinto shrine to Japan's 2.5 million war dead that also houses 14 "Class A" war criminals. In an attempt to dampen the backlash, Koizumi made the visit on Aug. 13—not, as originally planned, on Aug. 15, the anniversary of Japan's surrender in the Second World War. The last prime minister to make an official visit to the shrine was Yasuhiro Nakasone in 1985.

## A fragile peace

Specific clauses undermined a fragile peace agreement between Macedonia and ethnic Albanian rebels in NATO defused until this week's final decision on deploying 3,500 troops in the troubled Balkan country. NATO troops would be expected to collect rebel

arms—a key part of the peace deal. An initial 400-member contingent was to be in place by early this week to determine if the ceasefire would truly hold.

## Drugstore outlaw

In Kansas City, the FBI arrested Robert Courtney, a wealthy pharmacist, on charges of selling diluted versions of the chemotherapy drug Taxol and German. That prompted a flood of calls from worried cancer patients concerned they had not received adequate medication during their therapy. "We don't know how long this has been happening, and how many people may have been affected, but it certainly could be life-threatening," said an FBI spokesman.

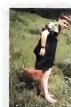
## Some nerve

Scientists at McMaster University in Hamilton say they have now pruned damaged spinal nerves in rats to regenerate by joining them with specialized neuronal cells. In a potentially major step in the quest to cure spinal cord damage, lead researcher Dr. Michel Ruitenberg said the rats grew new nerve fibres after the damaged area was exposed to intense light cells from the same animal's intestine.

## Heading towards a day of reckoning

Scheibman Day's official day of reckoning will come sometime in mid-March—it, that is, he chooses to continue his fight to end on the leadership of the Canadian Alliance. Last week, the party's ruling council decided on an early leadership convention instead of an appeal had suggested, waiting until mid-June. Will Day run? He has promised to step down as leader three months before a convention. Scheibman said he may

announce by the end of September whether he will be a candidate. In the meantime, the party's choice continued: Stephen Harper, the head of the National Citizens' Coalition, said he's interested in the job. Talks between the leaders and dissident Alliance members looked off at a Quebec resort with a heavily game of golf—the efforts buoyed by an endorsement from Prime Minister. And controversy continued to swirl



Vincent (left) and his sister Rhonda disappeared during a family visit.

## Tragedy in an Alberta sand pit

It's a typical childhood activity. But for Vincent Phillips, 13, and his sister, Rhonda, 11, digging in the sand proved a tragic pastime. The two were visiting their grandparents' home in Marv Lake, in Bowden, Alta., about 100 km northwest of Calgary, when they set off for a sand pit, empty of this is hard, to play and watch birds. When the youngsters didn't return, the Laks searched for several frantic hours before calling the RCMP. Along with dozens of volunteers, the Muskeg covered tracks, a beaver dam and nearby marshes before a ball of footprints were discovered leading into, but not

out of, a local sand pit with a seven metre-high embankment. Front-end loaders offed through nearly a tonne of sand before the bodies of the two—baked as deep yellow dogs hadn't detected them—were recovered. Laks, who said he'd never thought of the sand pit as dangerous, believed his grandchildren were probably doing what normal, healthy kids do. "What they didn't expect," he added, "was that the cave they were digging in would collapse on them." RCMP Sgt. Ed Pitt said even if someone had been with the children when the sand started to shift, it might not have been possible to rescue them. Added Pitt: "It don't think even 10 minutes would have made a whole lot of difference."

## Future Shop in the past

In the grand tradition of Wal-Mart and Home Depot, another major U.S. retailer is moving into Canada to offer an online-only under Electronics giant Best Buy Co. Inc. of Minneapolis said it will buy Danbury, U.C.-based Future Shop Ltd. and its 151 stores for \$540 million. Co-owners Danbury also cut on the predicted long run between the

two—and the potential price tag. Best Buy will still have a lot to offer. Although similar in format to Future Shop, its U.S. stores are far bigger—retailing categories of gadgetry. Future Shop's exclusive series, Nissan Ramenware, and the all-star cast for its 15-year-old company was "discovered" last ultimately a business decision.



Best Buy CEO Richard Schulze after shopping in Canada.



Harper (above) says he's interested in the job Day has been fighting to hold on to.

received a leaked letter suggesting that some of Manning's supporters promised to donate Day even before he was the party's leadership in July 2000.





Peter C. Newman

## World hackers unite!

It turned out to be just a blip on a slow news day.

The Code Red Computer Virus crisis bubbled up, threatening the World Wide Web as it quickly festered. Much less publicized but more damaging was an earlier attack by Slammer, a pernicious computer worm that allowed hackers into the FBI's top-secret National Infrastructure Protection Center in Washington, as well as other venues, including high security computers in the office of Ukrainian President Leonid Kuchma.

The damage caused by these hacker-inspired events didn't approach the estimated \$15-billion cost of continuing the Love Bug virus last year, but it got me thinking. Since the modern world is increasingly driven by computers—you can't even buy a newspaper if the editor's computer has crashed—civilization is becoming increasingly vulnerable to those mysterious cyberspace bandits known as hackers. At the moment, they seem mainly to be overshooting their mark, not enough to do, who look in their police rag shirts as if their mothers still dread them.

But that's a much more serious aspect to all this "Cyberspace has become an international battlefield," according to James Adams, co-founder of iDefense, a Fairfax, Va.-based cyber-intelligence and risk-management firm. Writing in the May/June issue of *Foreign Affairs*, Adams says "Whether military victories used to be won through physical confrontation of weapons and soldiers, the information warfare being waged today involves computer-sabotage hackers acting on behalf of private interests or governments."

A member of George W. Bush's National Security Advisory Board, Adams emphasizes that America's untested military superiority (based mainly on computer-driven hardware) has made it the most susceptible to cyber-attack. That startling notion—that in the post-Internet world, it's the hackers, not the Pentagon hawks, who may rule the world—sounds far-fetched. But Adams presents some convincing evidence. He reveals that in March, 1998, hackers broke into hundreds of computers at National Aeronautics and Space Administration, as well as the U.S. defense department, sending thousands of files detailing encryption codes, and the Pentagon's secret war-planning systems. After three years of intense investigations trying to identify the culprits, Washington's best brains came up with seven Russian Internet addresses, but no clue whether they were state-sponsored, or who was behind the massive espionage. In an act of desperation, the American gave Moscow the telephone numbers from which they thought the attacks had originated, but they were reported

as being out of service—and the mystery only deepened.

The most intensive test of military vulnerability to cyber attack was the war game staged by the National Security Agency during the Clinton years. According to Adams, three dozen of the agency's operatives were split into four teams, assigned to simulate North Korean hackers attempting to damage U.S. efforts to aid South Korea by disrupting American society. They could break no laws or use any inside information. But they did have access—as does anyone—to the 30,000 Web sites that carry easily downloadable hacker codes used to crash existing computer systems and steal data. The teams easily broke into the control systems of the power grids of nine of the largest American cities, and their emergency response systems, potentially crippling the U.S. economy by denying those crucial urban centers electricity. They were able to seize file military commands, remove air force jet fuel supplies, and so overload existing Internet systems that the Pentagon command structure temporarily broke down.

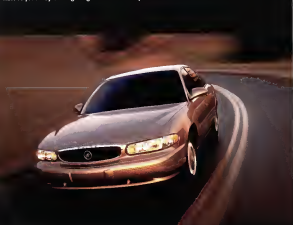
The threat has multiplied exponentially since. "More than 30 nations have developed aggressive computer-warfare programs," Adams warns. And their leader is China. In a 1999 book, *Cyberwarfare: Myths, Realities and Future*, Colin Clark and Wang Xiangjun postulate a revolutionary theory of how computer technology has nullified the relationship of weapons to war, by posing a series of controversial questions: "Does a single hacker attack equate as a hostile act? Can using financial instruments to destroy a country's economy be seen as a battle? Did CNN's broadcast of an ex-

posed corpse of a U.S. soldier in the streets of Mogadishu shake the determination of the Americans to act as the world's policemen, thereby altering the world's strategic situation? When we suddenly realize that these no-war actions may be the new factors constituting future warfare, we have to come up with a new name which transcends all boundaries and flames—in short, unrestricted warfare." The authors even contend that a digital attack could bring about the demise of the United States.

This combative approach leaves not just the United States, but all Western nations, very much including Canada, naked to our enemies. The World defense strategy has traditionally operated on the deterrence principle, that no one will attack us because they know they'll be attacked right back, with even more deadly results. At the moment, no rationalist argues determined enemy military hackers exist, or seems possible. There may be a virtual war as our future.

At least that would put the laughing between Stodoloff Day and Joe Clark in its proper perspective.

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# Black + White

## ...equals black,

says Oakville, Ont., author Lawrence Hill in an excerpt from his provocative new book

*When writer Lawrence Hill (Grey Knives Blood) was growing up in the Toronto suburb of Dan Mills in the 1960s, he rarely saw any other children of colour apart from his brother and sister. Their father, David Hill, the first director and chairman of the Ontario Human Rights Commission and, later, the province's ambassador, was a black man, their mother, Donna, was white. Civil-rights activists in the U.S. they had been attracted by Canada's more tolerant racial environment. For Lawrence Hill, now 44, being mixed-race in a white-dominated Canadian suburb led him to reflect on his identity. His new book, *Black Berry, Sweet Juice: On Being Black and White in Canada* (HarperCollins, \$32) combines narrative with an examination of national attitudes about race—and includes interviews with 34 people who have one black and one white parent. He also returns to the story of his parents (Donna is now 73 and David, 77) and his siblings (Dae, 47, now in the limelight as a pop singer, now devotes his energy to singing/songwriting, while Karen, 43, is an aspiring writer). An excerpt:*

**My childhood** was punctuated with sayings about black people. My father's relatives sometimes said, "The blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice." On one level, the meaning is obvious: a raspberry or strawberry that is full and dark and pregnant with its own ripeness is sweeter than

its pink, prematurely plucked counterpart. But there is also a social undertone to the saying, a suggestion of the myth of the overcharged, overcooked, high-performing black body. Presumably, the blacker berry tastes richer, more full and juicier. The trouble with this expression is that it has always struck me as a jump-witted effort to help black people believe that it was OK to be black. It seemed to me sad and pathetic that we even felt a need to put around a saying like that.

But I wasn't the only one who found that the words stung more than they soothed. My father worked the poem saying to ourselves with his own sarcastic version: "The blacker the berry/The sweeter the juice/But if you get too black/I'sn't so use." I absolutely loved that variation. Why? Because it turned self-affirmation on its head with a mere 10 additional words, offering a bitter-sweet reminder of the hopelessness of being black in a society that doesn't love—or even like—black people. There were many other sayings, such as "If you're white/You're all right/If you're brown/Stick around/If you're black/Stay back." Black people said these words and laughed. All the sayings underscored the utter futility of being black.

I discovered, very early, that some people had strange ideas about the children of interracial unions, and seemed inclined to



*The writer, shot in Lunenburg, N.S., says it took a long time for him to accept his blackness*

# 'I discovered, very early, that some people had strange ideas about the children of interracial unions, and seemed inclined to believe life for us would be miserable'

believe that life for us would be miserable. When I was 12, my best friend was a white girl, Marilyn (as I shall name her), whose mother would embarrass the children out of me by singing my praises to her own children. "Look how well Larry does in school. Why can't you be like that, Marilyn?" Astonishingly, this same mother who thought I was doing so well once took me aside and said, "Frankly, Larry, don't you think it is terrible, mixing races like that? It ruins the children! How are they to make their way in life?"

As a child, my own experience of race, including my concept of my own racial identity, was shaped quite differently from that of my parents. They were both born and raised in the United States, and their racial identities were clearly delineated all their lives. The America of their youth and early adulthood was replete with laws that banned interracial marriages and upheld segregation in every domain of public life.

One of the most telling details came to me from my mother, who was working as a secretary for a Democratic senator when the senator's father (in Washington in 1953: "When I arrived during your father, even the federal government cafeteria was segregated." In the United States, there was never any doubt that my father was first and foremost a black man. Or that my mother was a white woman. And there is no question that, had my siblings and I been raised in the United States, we would have been identified—in school, on the street, in community centres, among friends—as black.

But my parents threw their unborn children a curveball. They came to Toronto right after they married, had us and we all stayed there. They had had enough of racial divisions in their country of birth. And although they spent their lives at the forefront of the Canadian human-rights movement, they were also happy and reformed to sit up in suburban, white, middle-class Toronto, where race faded (most of the time) into the background.

When I was growing up, I didn't spend much time thinking about who I was or where I fit in. I was too busy getting my shoes, brushing my teeth, learning to spell, swinging baseball bats and shooting



The author (centre), with his family in 1958, grew up in 'a sort of racial limbo'

hockey pucks. But once in a while, just as my guard was down, questions of my own identity would leap like a cougar from the woods and take a bite out of my backside.

I found that race became an issue as a result of environmental factors. The average white kid growing up in a white suburb didn't have to think of himself as white. Gradually, my environment started talking to me and making me aware that I could never truly be white. There's nothing like being called "nigger" to let you know that you're not white.

Learning that I wasn't white, however, wasn't the same as learning that I was black. Indeed, for the longest time I didn't learn what I was—or why I wasn't. In the strange and unique society that was Canada, I was allowed to grow up in a sort of racial limbo. People knew what I wasn't—white or black—but they sure couldn't say what I was. I was black American, a son of a bitch, of both lighter and darker complexion, who attended segregated schools and grew up in entirely black communities. They had no reason to doubt my racial identity. That identity was swapped around them, like a song towel, at the moment of birth.

In 1977, when I decided to take a year off university, I went to visit my cousins

in Brooklyn before flying to Europe, which must have appeared to them a quaternally weird thing to do. My cousin Richard Hanna took me under his wing, and was precise when I asked if he liked to play squash. An indignant roar exploded from his lips: "Larry! That's a white folks' game!" Today, looking back, I find irony in this memory. There I was, son of a black American Second World War veteran and a white American civil-rights activist, playing squash, a sport virtually unknown to inner-city blacks in the United States.

These days, I think of the fiasco that contributed to my sense of identity, and of how malleable that sense of identity was and still is. There were days when I went straight from my exuberant, private boy's high school to lively events populated by black relatives or friends who idolized the joys and horrors of my childhood—Angie Davis, with her midlife and her back-as-Africa spirit; Torrance Smith and John Clarke, with their black-glowed fun raised on the Olympic podium at Mexico City; Muhammad Ali, who mood up to the white man and spoke the words that moved the world. "I can't go no quarrel with the Viet Cong." I bounced back and forth between studying Latin, playing

# 'Gradually, my environment started making me aware that I could never truly be white—there's nothing like being called "nigger" to let you know you're not white'

squash and serving black American cultural icons, but who exactly was I?

Lately, I have been looking at some family photos and mulling over what they mean to me. In my home office, I have some 30 framed shots of relatives. These are my three children, running, swimming, picking apples. The eldest, Genevieve, is 11, and I wonder how she will come to see herself, racially, as she moves into adolescence. She has been a ballerina for six years, and she could find a world much whiter than that, not even in Calcutta, where we live. She knows who she is, and has had much contact with the black side of her family—but the girl has blue eyes and skin even lighter than mine, and I can see that if she is going to assert her own blackness one day, she may have to work hard at it. Nine-year-old Caroline, the middle child, is the daughter of my mother, and has that uncanny middle-child ability to relate to anybody of any age. I have noticed that she already bends vigorously with black women. Andrew, who is 7, is about as interested in race as he would be in nuclear physics. Ironically, though, he has already called out a few times, "I'm not black, I'm white," and about a looky my way to test for a reaction. He looks white, too.

Would you like to know how my children would once have been categorized, racially? Quads. They have a father who is supposedly half-black and a mother who is white, and that paragon, according to the traditional racial definition blends, would have made them quads. Quads, of course, were most definitely black, and outside like the rest of us in Canada and the United States. Quads were frowned by slave owners for reasons deemed exotic and very, but not too black, thank you very much. I shudder to imagine children who looked just like mine dancing in the infamous Quads-on-Balls in New Orleans, where box-looking young women were bought and censored until they were no longer young or beautiful.

Today in Canada, black people still contend with racism at every level of society. And yet, the way my children will define themselves, and be defined by others, re-



Karen, Dan and Lawrence, shown in 1978, saw fire brown faces in their suburbs

ments up for grabs. Racial identity is about how you see yourself, about how you construct a sense of belonging, community, awareness and allegiance.

To this date, I have mostly seen myself as black. My black American relatives, who lived in Brooklyn, Washington, Baltimore and North Carolina, were much closer to us and much easier to visit than my mother's family. Apart from her own, Doris, whom we all adore, we never really got to know my mother's relatives. My mother spoke negatively of her brothers when we were young, describing how they gave her a hard time—one even questioned her sanity—when she announced that she would be marrying a black man. As a result, as a child I came to nourish a minor grade against some of those relatives. On my father's side, however, family was like an extension of my own body and psyche.

My first sense of blackness, spring from warm places. Out back beamed with just and blues on weekends. Dan, Karen and I watched—entranced, intrigued—as our parents danced in the living room to Ella Fitzgerald, Billie Holiday and Duke Ellington. Dad had an amazing voice. When he sang, he walked up and down the stairs with a glycerine and irreverence that we found absolutely infectious.

I remember being laid up with the flu when I was 5. My father asked, "Any racial requests, son?" And I said, "Put on Joe Williams." Every day I have the blues began to jump off the record player. I listened to my dad and Williams raking the notes in basic harmonized the piano, and trumpets, trombones and saxophones mingled with grief. It's one of the happiest songs I've heard—even if it is about the blues. Nobody likes nobody seems to care/nobody had back and somebody you know I've had my share. Just about any words could have flown from Joe Williams' lips and soared, ecstatically, as if to prove that nothing could tear this man from living and loving. Jim and I were already showing me the sweet alchemy of trouble and joy that defied black manual expression, and black people themselves.

I don't recall early moments with family members that gave me a negative sense of race, but my siblings do. Perhaps because he was the firstborn, Dan had a nodder one with our father. Dan has no doubt that our father got us mixed racial messages. When my brother was 11 or so, Dad gave him a stocking to wear on his head at night. The idea was to straighten out Dan's hair while he slept, or as the very best to keep it from getting too curly on

**'I have black American cousins who attended segregated schools and grew up in entirely black communities—they had no reason to doubt their racial identity'**



When Doreen Brader (above centre, and right) married into the Hill clan (shown at a 1967 gathering), her mother was upset

Dan, Karen and I learned early that you can have a white parent and still be considered black, but you can never have a black parent and be considered white. It isn't allowed. You'll be reminded of your "otherness" more times than you can shake a stick at it. This is one of the reasons why I identify as black. Attempts at pleasant symmetry, as in "half-white, half-black," translate to my eye the meaning of being black. This doesn't mean I don't love my mother. I love her as profoundly as I love any person on earth. But I use don't see myself

I had to find other ways to connect with them. So I ate up every bit of black writing that I could find: Langston Hughes, Ralph Ellison, Richard Wright—whom I approached gingerly because my mother confessed that Native Son had upset her so much, it had made her vomit. James Baldwin

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to chew.

TASTE THE FREEDOM

# Mixed Emotions

Having parents of two races can be rich with traditions but also rife with challenges



**Tamara Podemski**

*Television-based actress ("The Run, Run!", singer and songwriter, 23, Israeli father, Senegalese-Oghive mother)*

I grew up in Toronto, which made it a lot easier, since it was a very diverse environment. Still, every time I said what my background was, I always had to explain to people why I didn't live on the oceanfront, and just how it came to be that my parents got together. It takes a tremendous amount of patience to be a person of mixed race. It's almost like you are a new species. And having to fight people's ridiculous stereotypical images of natives has been frustrating. I was always the only native in school, which made it difficult to share that part of myself with other kids. When it was time to go through school with a Jewish identity because a lot of the other students were Jewish, that is what I showed to the world. Only in high school did I find the friends to be myself. My brother/homosexual came to an assembly when I decided to perform a traditional Oghive funny dance. I was finally sad to myself. "This is who I am."

It was a celebratory moment when I got the role on "Global's high-school drama," *Ready or Not*, since it was my first non-stereotypical role. The producers just didn't give

a shot about my race. When I went to Broadway for *Mean*, I played Mianmian, a white chick. I had heard rumours I wasn't given the role in *Toronto* because of concerns over my ethnicity, but the people in New York thought it was so cool when they found out a native girl was playing a white role. It's difficult when you wonder if your race is the only reason you're getting jobs. I must say I value and know I'm good, but it's still hard.

The key is in a balance in respect for tradition. Whether I believe Moses parted the Red Sea isn't the issue. I learn about my Jewish and my Oghive roots out of respect for my family's traditions.

I got married last month to a Shosup native from B.C. Our wedding was the perfect mix of Shosup, Oghive and Jewish traditions. We got married under a happi, a Jewish wedding canopy. Duell's father sang a traditional Shosup wedding song and my mother put an Oghive star blanket around us as we pledged our vows. We didn't do it because it looked cool. There was just no other way since we were bringing our lives together. He shouldn't have to sacrifice anything and neither should I.

## Jennifer Mather

*Television-based news anchor for Global Television, 36, Chinese father, British mother*

The first time I realized I was any different from other kids was on the first day of Grade 1. I didn't get to kindergarten. The only girl who would talk to me was another little Asian girl named Miki. She was Japanese, I think. I went to a private Catholic school in North Vancouver because my father believed we would get a better education. I was one of the first non-whites, and I looked much more Asian when I was younger. Nowadays, most people think I'm Italian. I was devastated when Miki left the next year. In school pictures, I stuck out like a sore thumb: dark hair, dark eyes, in a sea of



fair-haired lightness and Canadian moosey-brownness. Only a few times did the many older boys call me "chink," but it still made my face burn with shame, and made me feel as ugly as the word sounds.

My dad made my older sister and I go to Chinese school on Saturdays. My father was in the restaurant business so we ate a lot of traditional Chinese meals. Not the stuff North Americans call Chinese food. We ate yellow lemon chicken, but real food that was in and out of our work in what seemed like seconds. Filling the kitchen with fragrant smells of ginger, garlic and exotic spices. And rice. Lots and lots of rice.

Both my parents worked hard to maintain our Asian roots—in fact, we celebrated the Chinese holidays much more than the traditional North American ones, Christmas and birthdays came and went, but Chinese New Year was at least a week's worth of celebration and ritual: our dad came home from top to bottom on New Year's Eve to get rid of all the bad luck, must not shower on New Year's Day for fear of washing away all the good wishes for the coming year; no sex, no scissors or anything sharp on New Year's Day is one you "cut away" all the luck.

I think the cultural differences were especially hard on my mom. My father is the

older of 10, and it was his job to go west and bring the rest of the family over from China. At one point, my grandparents and all of my nine aunts and uncles lived on his land. They initially weren't that keen on my mom, in light of the fact that she was Chinese and he'd produced two daughters. But after my brother was born, he helped smooth the waters. It was like living with the Last Emperor.

I am proud of my heritage and culture, although I must say I am now more Western than Eastern. In some ways, I think being half-Chinese in Vancouver is more difficult than being 100-per-cent Asian—only because I've been prey to many a conversation where people complain about the so-called Asian invasion of our fair city, or how Oriental's are such bad drivers. It floored them when I eventually told them I'm half-Chinese, and sometimes I take a perverse pleasure in seeing their faces reddish.



## Neil Bissoondath

*Quebec City-based author and Lund University professor, 46, born and raised in Trinidad to parents of Indian descent, living with Quebec-born lawyer Anne Morrison, 49, with whom he has 10-year-old twins, Maurice and Bissoondath*

I don't consider Trinidadian culture to be Indian's culture. It is the culture in which I was born, in which I lived for 18 years. After 26 to 25 years in Canada, I have returned to Trinidad a total of three times. Trinidad is very much a part of my past. When my daughter has received in the stories of my growing up, it is so complex a portrait as I could give her of her grandparents, my parents, who died before she was born so she has never known them. She has inherited two different

heritages, more and Anne's, which is fascinating, and all the heritage that we bring to her is part of an individual family mythology, if you like, that her life is being made here with the knowledge of her background.

Elysia physically has got darker skin than her mother. She is right in the middle between Anne and me. I asked her what evidence that has had on her life and she thought about it. She is a very thoughtful child. She said "Well, none really." When we moved here from Montreal [when Elysia was 5], her friends were curious and asked: "Where are you from? And are you going to stay in Canada?" She said "The moment I said I was born in Montreal all of those questions disappeared." She was simply accepted as being another Canadian kid who happened to have a father who had brown skin and came from elsewhere, but she said the only comment she has ever gotten is from teachers who say how lucky she is to have that skin colour. Her personal experience, like mine, has been very good. Her skin colour in fact plays no role in her life. That is something that I am really pleased about because I don't believe that skin colour should define you in any way, she is not allowing it to define herself, and her friends don't define her by her skin colour.

## Tassey Kennedy

*ESL tutor, 28, currently living in Halifax, black father, white mother*

My mother was from a small town in Nova Scotia called Annapolis. When she finished high school, she joined CUSO, so she travelled around the Caribbean working in different countries. She met my father in Guyana and remained there maybe 11 years, so that's where I was born. My father was a light-skinned black businessman and my mother was blond, blue-eyed. When I was in Guyana, I don't remember anything really to do with race or color. I remember that my mother was one of the few pale people that I'd seen. When I came to Canada [as a preschooler], all of a sudden I saw a lot more pale faces than brown faces, because I was taken back to Annapolis. My father stayed in Guyana. I have brown eyes, brown hair, brown skin and I look nothing like any of my cousins. My mother had some problems in the community and with some family members because of having me—because I was a mix of black and white or because



she wasn't married, or maybe both.

When I was 7 or 8, I went to an all-white school in Sydney. They used to call me derogatory names for natives—squaw and stuff like that. I started wondering if maybe I was Indian, because I looked Indian. I knew that I was from Guyana, but I didn't know exactly where Guyana was. I remember one day coming home from school and getting harassed by the kids. My mother was taking a nap and I crawled into bed with her. I said, "Mommy, what am I?" She said, "You're you, you're Tassey. You're the product of your father's and my love." She went around the subject. I said, "No, that's not enough. What am I?" She finally said, "Your father's black, and I'm white, so you're a mix of both." It helped me to finally realize what I was.

A lot of the stories I hear from other biracial people are similar: the parents didn't want to talk about it because they were fighting against all the racism in their lives. But that makes it almost worse for the kid, because you just want a straight answer. Not talking about it just causes more confusion.

When I was younger, I used to fantasize about looking like my Barbie doll. I thought that if I could just have blond hair and blue eyes, I'd be pretty, too. When I was about 12, I dyed my hair blond, hoping that I'd look more white. And then when I moved to Toronto, where the black community is predominantly West Indian, and so far there hadn't been a lot of mixing, I was told all of a sudden that I was white and I was trying to fit in again. I went through a real change and became this black activist. Black Panther-power-to-the-people type of kid when I was 15, 16, 17.

It's really easy to tell people or visibly black people to tell me how easy it is to be

**'Every time I said what my background was, I had to explain how my parents got together—it takes a tremendous amount of patience to be of mixed race'**

me. How I have the best of both worlds. In my opinion, I have the the end of both worlds. How dare they tell me it's not that bad. Race may not be on everyone's tongue in Nova Scotia, but it's on everyone's mind. Canada may want to pretend that it's not, but it is.



#### Shar Levine

Vancouver-based author and company president, *47 Jewish biological fathers, Japanese biological mothers, Jewish adoptive parents, her children Steve (left) and Joshua (center) Remembering*

Being a Japanese Jew is not easy, particularly in the Jewish community. I was adopted at birth by two wonderful people who were actively involved in the Jewish community. My mother was the treasurer for the National Council of Jewish Women, and Hadassah, while my father was a leader in the YWCA Beth and the men's club. My family belonged to the synagogue and we regularly attended Shabbat, Friday and holidays. I was a member of various youth groups and went to Israel with Young Judea. Since I had written about my adoption pages, I had proof that I was at least half-Jewish. I wasn't a cultural Jew either—one who was Jewish because their parents were Jewish. I was a practicing Jew.

Yet kids (and their parents) would tell me that I wasn't really Jewish. People actually said it to my face—"You're adopted, you're not really Jewish." The night before my 1977 wedding, someone phoned the rabbi and told him that he shouldn't perform the marriage because I wasn't Jewish. Instead of telling the caller she was mistaken, the rabbi called my mother and demanded she prove I was Jewish. That was 24 years ago, but things haven't changed much today. The community has

never really accepted me as a Jew. When my mother passed away three years ago, I went to my kaddish, the mourner's prayer. My synagogue does not do evening services every night, so I went to another local shul. The rabbi came directly up to me and asked, "Can I help you?" He then informed me that I would have to be Jewish and my mother would have had to be buried in a Jewish cemetery if I was to say a prayer for her.

I was determined that my children should feel more at home with our culture than I did. So I sent them to Talmud Torah, the Jewish day school in Vancouver. This way they could grow up with Jewish kids and be accepted. I was wrong. My children, Josh and Shira, had the same problems I have had all my life. Kids came up to them and told them they weren't Jewish because I wasn't really Jewish. One of the rabbis at the school even said that to my daughter.

Last year, I contacted my birth mother, a lovely Japanese woman named Piko. I found out I have a full sister named Gail, raised by Piko and actively involved in the Japanese community. We look so much alike that I can't tell in old photos which one of us I'm looking at. Like me, Gail has been asked, "What are you?" all her life. Despite being raised by a Japanese mother, she has never felt welcomed or part of the Japanese community as a whole.

I've been told that I look "moozy." After 48 years of being looked upon as some sort of freak of nature, the description has gotten a little old. We have both Jewish and gentile friends and we are members of a wonderful synagogue, where you don't have to "look Jewish" to be accepted.

#### Ian Samuels

Calgary-based award-winning author, *26, black father, white mother who is considered mixed-race in her native South Africa*

My family is immigrant South African. One of the things you kind of struggle with is definitions of race coming into Canada, where basically you have two dominant poles that are kind of inherited from the States—black and white. In a setting like South Africa, where you have these gradations that were imposed by a apartheid, we're a coloured

family. One of the immediate disparities you have is that you grow up in Canada really identifying with the cause and the position of black Africans. And identifying myself basically as black. There was a kind of jarring with the perspectives of my relatives. After Mandela came into power in South Africa, we would get letters from my relatives even complaining about affirmative action (for South African blacks), which in the Canadian context I was used to philosophically supporting.

In terms of being in Canadian terms, I've learned that you can live your life on the defensive and constantly look for the racism behind the actions of the people around you—and reduce your quality of life that way. If you sit down on the bus and someone moves away from you, is it because you're black or what? I kind of struggled with that, especially when I was a teenager. In terms of overt racism, though, it was something that I



didn't encounter so much in the urban Canadian setting, because by the time I was growing up it was pretty much a well-established fact that being racist against black people was bad.

One of the interesting things about looking the way I do is that you are mistaken as Asian walking down the street. Guys from Lebanon walk up to me and say where are you from and expect me to answer Iraq or something like that. I have had people assume I was Fijian. A large part of race and being biracial is really about self identification. I choose to identify myself as blacker than African-Canadian. There are any number of other categories I could fit into if I really wanted to. A lot of it is the way people wrap things mentally. ■

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By BENJAMIN AUBIN in Montreal

In Quebec, once you have climbed on board the *avant-garde show business*, you own a seat for life. Old comedians who have fallen out of favour simply move to the back row, and make cameo appearances in soap operas, quiz shows or commercials for denture cement. But humorist Yvon Deschamps is another story. The wiry, manic monologist who became a national icon in the '70s is currently enjoying an unexpected—and, in Deschamps' own words, incredible—second debut with the Quebec public. "I meet kids on the street and they tell me, 'Even, you're my man,' " he says. "They were in kindergarten last time I could!"

Deschamps, who turned 66 on July 31, is currently filling the 350-seat Le Paroisse in the Laurentians five nights a week. The follows a successful winter-long run at Le Carbone, a renovated Montreal movie house where he used to work. Charlie Chaplin flicks as a St-Henri Senior citizen in the '40s. It's his first big one-man show since 1992 and he's booked solid way into next year. The humorist—who once quipped that the thing about happiness is you can't be happy without it—is pinching himself. "I am not thinking about the future. I want the present to last forever."

The risks involved with staging a comeback with a new show are extremely personal, says Deschamps. "I know they like me out there," he explains. "But will they come? Will they buy the ticket, dress up, call it a night out to actually come and see me?" In a word, yes. According to Deschamps' producers, no fewer than 300,000 spectators will have seen the show by the end of next year.

Ever since he lit the spotlight with his first monologue, "We Don't Need a Union, Do We, Boss?" in 1968, Deschamps has established a unique relationship with the Quebec public. His on-stage characters, which remained nameless through the decades, in the quintessential, average Québécois. A loser, but a proud one, ignorant, but not stupid. Conservative, yet rebellious. A fast-talking snail-slow, running hard to keep up with the times, but always falling on the wrong side of the most sensitive issues of the day. Through it all, Deschamps, an ardent nationalist, keeps the barbs flying, such as his



The humorist with his proud possession, Chaplin's 1964 Bentley

## Quebec's King of Comedy

Yvon Deschamps is an acerbic social critic—a devastatingly funny one

now-famous statement of the Québécois psyche at times of referendum: "What Québécois really want is an independent Quebec inside a strong Canada."

Looking fit and slim and in full command of his craft, the white-bearded Deschamps steps alone in front of the spectators at Le Paroisse with a warning: there will be no intermissions, you will suffer through 90 minutes of this. And for about 90 minutes, there won't be any. Five minutes later, he has them rolling in the aisles, in his piquant, highlight and lambast our private little parodies, and his own big-name metaphysical analogies.

"We do our best to make immigrants feel welcomed and respected, but not to the point of working them as neighbors."

"We love our old folks, but do discuss

really have to save them every time they become ill!"

"One is always better off being rich and healthy than sick and poor."

"What happens in the elevator? Will all my former wives and girlfriends be there at once? With their mothers? And at what age, for eternity?"

Deschamps poses as a humorist—and he is funny. But more than that, he is a social critic, and an efficient one, acerbic and devastating. An Anglophone and Jewish community group B'nai B'rith failed to see the humor in his derision on intolerance. "They threatened to sue me," Deschamps recalls. That derision, in a track of Second World War German military music, ended with a Nazi salute.

Just don't take what he says at face value. Deschamps made that point to a Montreal man who visited him after one of his shows. "He said he was ill at ease with my

death on immigrants," he recalls. "I asked him if he liked the other sketches; he said 'Yes.' Then I said, 'It is OK to make fun of women, gay, old people, but not of historic neighbors.'"

End of discussion.

For his 65th birthday last year, Deschamps bought himself the last one owned and driven by Chaplin, his life-long idol. He drives the motor-car, a 1964 Bentley—he calls it *une soucoupe*, a jelly—between his Westmount house, his summer retreat in the Laurentians and the Manoir Basile-Campbell, a historic compound he operates as a hotel and theatre on the Richelieu River.

But for the most part Deschamps has avoided the entrapment of success, remaining the man-on-the-street and keeping his

infinitesimal accent from poetize St-Henri. One way to keep in touch with regular folks, he explains, is to give "surplus money" away. Over the past 25 years, Deschamps has handed out close to \$1 million in out-of-pocket cash to help needy people, mostly children with physical or mental handicaps. He's also had a life-long involvement with such charities as Le Châlon, a help centre for women in distress, and a grassroots sports association put together by activist parents in the inner neighbourhoods of east-end Montreal. "We had a good house, a cat, the fridge was stocked with food, we had friends, and on top of that, a pile of money in the bank," Deschamps explains. "I was not at ease with all the money. I even asked my producer to stop booking me for awhile. My wife [Toronto-born singer-composer Judi Richards] said, 'If your money bothers you, just give it away.' I said, 'Right! That's a good idea.'"

For all of his exceptional success at home, Deschamps has remained virtually unknown outside French-speaking Quebec. He tried to break into the French market with a two-week stint in Paris in 1983, but the reviews were lukewarm. He had had a better prospect in the United States in the late '70s. Producers in Los Angeles were prepared to invest big bucks on his career, but he finally backed out, saying he wasn't willing to spend 10 years "playing synagogues in Detroit, or small balls off of off Broadway."

English Canada, meanwhile, was no-go land. "I was heading the artists committee for the 50s side in the 1980 referendums," he says. "I had monologues about life and death, women, happiness, abortion, but the only thing I was asked was, 'Why do you want to break up our country?'" And that leaves Quebec, where Deschamps attributes the revival of his career to the fact that humorists still maintain an intimate relationship with their audience. "People don't pay to hear you, they pay to hear themselves, but today everyone else is into the global market, patching their raft," an oblique reference to the likes of Céline Dion, Jacques Villeneuve, Luc Plamondon, Debra Aranda, Lara Fabian. As for Deschamps, he has been a foreigner in France, an interloper in English Canada, frightened by the United States. The quintessential Québécois. ■

## Letter from Big Tancook Island



# So near, yet so far

It's not only the ocean that sets the place apart

BY SHERRI AUKENHEAD

For \$5, the 45-minute ferry ride from the Nova Scotia mainland to Big Tancook Island offers an inexpensive way to see what it feels like to step back in time. Barely 10 km out in the Atlantic Ocean, the island is determinedly disconnected from the hustle and bustle of the modern world. There's a two-room schoolhouse for the island's nine children in the elementary grades. The same postmaster has manned the post office for more than two decades. There are no paved roads or streets—and few vehicles besides the occasional clunker-size fisherman with special, island-only license drive. "It's a different world here," says Martha Parris, who owns the island's only general store. "The only reason I leave it to go to the mainland every Monday to do my banking and buy stuff for the store. I can't wait to come home."

Ferry is one of just 150 full-time residents on Big Tancook. She and her husband, David, arrived 23 years ago after escaping the rat race in Boston. David was commuting for two hours each day to work on a project for NASA's sea urchin house raising their two young children. But then an advertisement in *Kicker Magazine*

selling the more prestigious scene soul-searching. "We decided this isn't the way we want to live our lives," she recalls. "My husband came aboard bought the store the next day." When the family moved to Tancook—William for "having the open sea"—residents greeted them with their own version of the "Welcome Wagon." "Everybody who had a pickup truck showed up at the wharf and brought our furniture to the lawn," Parris says, looking out from the veranda of the family's century-old home. "It was so close-knit, everyone met for a fiddle—that's food and talk."

Despite its leisurely pace, life is far from easy on Big Tancook. The island—there's also a Little Tancook nearby—was settled in 1829 by 30 families of German colonists and French Huguenots attracted by British land grants. Many farmed (today's residents still export them—and 16-kb. buckets of mussels, an island staple, each fall). But over the decades, most turned to living fishing. When that industry hit hard times, young people started moving away and Big Tancook's population shrunk from its high of 1,100 in the early 1900s to today's count. Little Tancook has just 35 year-round residents.

These dwindling numbers make it difficult for those who have stayed on to support



Farmer in the family's general store; Sick ready to respond to a 911 call

themselves. Carolyn Cross, who was born on the island, has struggled to make a go of selling sodapop burgers and handmade goods like hooked rags and Christmas ornaments at Carolyn's Cafe and Crafts. One solution, she says, would be to try to increase the number of tourists who venture off the beaten track and visit Big Tancook. "We need the people," she adds. "There just isn't as many as there should be." Parris's General Store, too, has seen its business slide. In the early 1980s, inventory peaked at \$70,000; today there's just \$20,000 worth of groceries, hardware, automotive parts, fishing equipment and bug spray. Still, Parris opposed to one proposed solution that's gaining popularity: replacing the passenger-only ferry with a car ferry. "Any one who wants to could come over, and there goes the peace of the island," she says. "At least this way, we know everyone."

In the meantime, life on the island carries on in its usual quirky fashion. John Sick drives around with a diffident in the front of her pickup truck. In the absence of a doctor, she and several others form a rudimentary team responding to 911 calls. (The seriously ill are taken to the mainland, by helicopter in good weather, by ferry otherwise.) Sick, who was born in Glasgow and has lived in Singapore and Australia, moved to the island six years ago when her husband, Mikolaj, began working on the ferry. She'll well mean of the frustrations of life in an inaccessible locale. "When you think of it, our groceries change hands five times between the store on the mainland and when they're put in the cupboard," she points out. Still, whatever Big Tancook lacks in modern amenities, it more than makes up for in other ways. "One yard runs down to the ocean and I can step right into the water," says Sick. "When we had to make the decision about whether to stay, it was an easy one." ■

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Corn flaccid on the Unbrideg, Ont., and farm

## Harvest of despair

Drought has brought withered crops and wildfires

It was dry—very dry—across much of the country as the drought that's afflicted Canadian farmers for much of the year worsened. In the Prairies, hit by the third straight year of well below normal rainfall, the situation was especially bleak, with some failed crops simply being tilled under. But even in provinces like Ontario and Nova Scotia,

farmers were fighting a losing battle during a summer that in some areas has brought only a sixth of the average rainfall. Ontario Farmer Mike Harris even raised the prospect of emergency aid to his province's agricultural sector. "It is something we're going to have to address," he said, "if we don't get rain pretty soon."

Little was expected by week's end, with

some experts comparing the situation to Canada's legendary drought of 1961. And, ultimately, some economists said, consumers may pay the price. Withered pastures and corn crops could mean a rise in red meat prices, for example, as farmers turn to more expensive feeds for their animals. The drought also contributed to wildfires raging throughout parts of Canada and the western United States. One smoldering area stretching from southeastern Saskatchewan through Manitoba to northwestern Ontario where farmers complained their crops were getting waterlogged with three times as much rainfall as usual. ☐



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# Power to the People?

Canadians want to build a dam in Belize. Not everyone's pleased.

By TODA GRANT

**T**he dense jungle of the Macal River Valley in western Belize is among the most ecologically diverse on the planet. It is home to the tapir, the floppy-eared insect relative of the horse, and the rare scarlet macaw, one of the largest and noisiest members of the parrot family. The Macal River also sustains the 800 villagers of Cristo Rey, who fish and drink in its waters. But now, they fear the river is about to be destroyed—and they blame a Canadian company, which, with Ontario's help, is planning to dam the Macal, a project that would submerge two ancient Mayan settlements—and a way of life. "It's just a pity," says Robert Barman, the renowned Canadian artist and researcher who has twice visited the region. "To think that a Canadian company would be involved in this dam."

Barman is not alone. Other international celebrities, including actor Harrison Ford, are also lending their voices to the growing opposition to the \$30-million dam, which will stand 35 m high and stretch nearly 350 m in length. Proponents of the project, including St. John's, Nfld.-based Form Inc., which in 1999 bought Belize's electrical utility and plans to finance and build the dam, say the power it would generate could help alleviate poverty, attract foreign investment and reduce the country's dependence on imported oil from neighboring Mexico. But Barman dismisses those arguments, claiming dams are no longer a panacea for economic growth. "I'd thought we'd woken up to the fact that dams aren't worth the money that put them there," says Barman, "and definitely not worth the destruction that results."

The Canadian International Development

Agency is also facing criticism. It helped get the project off the ground by paying almost \$250,000 to a Toronto engineering company to prepare a project justification report and environmental impact assessment. Despite pressure from environmental groups, CIDA officials have so far failed to make any documents recommending the assessment public. And in May in the House of Commons, Canadian Alliance MP Keith Martin, official opposition critic for Latin America, questioned why CIDA funded the assessment in the first place and asked the government to block what he called an "environmental catastrophe."

Nestled between Mexico and Guatemala, Belize is about a fifth of the size of Nova-



foundland, with a population of 250,000. The almost 1,000-hectare area that would be flooded by the dam is accessible only by foot and is one of the last undisturbed tropical floodplains in Central America. But more than plants and animals would be affected. Two Mayan ruins, which contain ancient pyramids and temples, would also be submerged if the dam is built. One of the sites, which has been featured in a National Geographic television documentary, is located about 19 km from the dam. The second, farther upriver, may have served as a storage, lookout point for Mayan warriors protecting villages.

In Cristo Rey, not far from the Mayan ruins, Joel, a villager who was too afraid of government reprisals to reveal his last name, told Maclean's he is deeply worried about the havoc the dam could wreak on his valley. In 1995, he said, another dam was built 18 km downstream from the proposed site of the new dam. Since then, Joel said, water levels have dropped dramatically and many residents of the village have developed skin rashes after bathing in the river. "We didn't experience rashes until after the dam was built," he said. "There's algae on the water and it stinks a lot."

The Belize government is expected to issue final approval for construction early next year. A veto in person has resulted in more than 20,000 letters and e-mails be-



Fern's Marshall says the project could help reduce poverty. Arlene Bateman (far left) disagrees, saying clear areas would be the resulting destruction.

ing sent to the company. With 2,500 employees and nearly \$1.5 billion in assets, Form owns, or has a major holding in, six electrical utilities located in Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, the United States, Ontario and the Cayman Islands. And in 1999 it purchased controlling interest in Belize Electricity Ltd., which had proposed building the dam. Now, Form chief executive Stanley Marshall says, "Form won't bow to pressure groups who are looking out more for their own self-interests than for the people of Belize."

While the Belizean government and Form say assistance to the dam is com-



On the banks of the Macal River, and across the country, are the creatures that live in the river valley, including, from the far left, a tapir, a scarlet macaw and a jaguar.

ing mainly from foreigners and expatriates living in the country, domestic opposition to the project appears to be growing. Residents living in the threatened region have formed the Coalition of Concerned Citizens because, they say, Belize Electricity hasn't made enough information public. But many Belizeans are scared to speak out openly against the project, says Belize resident Jonathan Lohr, co-ordinator for the coalition. "A lot of people are cautious about how they affiliate with us," he says. "They're scared they'll get politically blacklisted, and that they will never get political freedom in the

future. And that's a big thing in Belize."

Even some former employees of Belize Electricity believe the project should not go ahead. While working in a senior planning role at the company, Arlene Bateman concluded that the dam was not the best solution for the country. Belize has an extremely separate industry and, Tillet says, burying the waste vegetation in a thermal generating station would be both better for the environment and produce more energy. Last October, Belize Electricity asked Tillet to leave the company, citing "philosophical differences." He is now a technical consultant for the Belize Al-

liance of Conservation and Non-Governmental Organizations, because, he says, "they need someone to cut through the bull...."

Like debates over dam construction the world, the battle in Belize has evolved into a war of words—each side accuses the other of using misleading facts, and both say they have the support of the Belizean public. In Cristo Rey, meanwhile, many in the community remain deeply suspicious. "We're not scientists, we're not technological people," says Joel. "But we are concerned about what will happen in the future." ■



Mary Janigan

## A one-party state

In retrospect, the only surprise is that the governing Liberals took so long to squash John Bryden like a bug. Two months ago, the enterprising Ontario MP cobbled together an unofficial 116-member committee of parliamentarians to update the 18-year-old Access to Information Act. The government itself had assembled a bureaucratic task force to draft changes to the law. But Bryden figured that elected MPs in public hearings could do a better job than civil servants in private meetings. His timing was unorthodox, he wanted to put into the bill before it was drafted to ensure that every issue from cabinet privacy to the exemption for Crown corporations was aired—and every possibility for first access was considered. He drew up an elaborate agenda, chivvying opposing officials to attend.

Two weeks ago, House Leader Don Boudria haughtily announced to his fellow Liberal that no public officials would be coming; MPs could consider the bill—"in an orderly and rational process"—after the bureaucrats had drafted it. Bryden's committee, he added, was not formally considered, so officials could face legal liability for what they said. Dashed, Bryden still says it is "all the more vital" that he continue. "Defining secrecy, finding that balance," he maintains, "is an extremely important task that MPs should be engaged from the beginning."

It was a small mid-career's moment that perfectly captured Canada's

plight with an overwhelming majority in Parliament, the federal Liberals are virtually unimpeded in their exercise of power. Their opposition in Parliament is divided and squabbling; last weekend's meeting in Mount-Blanc, Que., of MPs from the Progressive Conservatives and the rebel Democratic Representative Caucus was only a baby step towards possible unity (Canadian Alliance MP's were not present). Liberal MPs like Bryden who try anything novel are simply squashed by the all-powerful Prime Minister's Office.

Provincial premiers, deeply divided themselves, cannot provide meaningful opposition. At this month's annual meeting in Victoria, they could only agree on a call for more federal funds. In any event, the premier's input is largely restricted to issues over which they have jurisdiction, such as health care. There is no coherent voice to express alternatives on everything from Canada-U.S. relations to urban affairs to Aboriginal policy. "Governments govern best when there is a constant threat of defeat," says Roger Gibbons, president of the Canada West Foundation. "When political leaders don't face that risk, they drift away."

The consequences are serious. Canadians have turned off in last November's federal election, only 61.2 per cent of eli-

gible voters cast a ballot—the lowest electoral turnout in Canadian history. (The highest was 79.4 per cent in 1958 when the Conservatives under Prime Minister John Diefenbaker won in a landslide.) Worse, in frustration, regional parties are becoming the norm—such as the Bloc Québécois in Quebec, the Alliance in the West or, for that matter, the Liberals in Ontario. "There is no government-in-waiting on the opposition benches," laments Université de Montréal political scientist Donald Sirois. "Regions may simply be losing interest in Ottawa—or through separation movements such as may occur in Newfoundland. If we do not have an alternative soon, things will crack."

Meanwhile, the Liberals have it all their own way. With fiscal spending cuts in the mid-1990s, most departments dropped their public policy units. At the time, it seemed like a painless excision because most departments could barely maintain press services, let alone worry about future needs. It is only now, without the aid of serious opposition, that Ottawa is seriously rebuilding that policy-planning capacity.

In the meantime, it often relies on press secretary think-tanks for fresh ideas which it adopts, willy-nilly, whenever it suits its purposes. And it often falls prey to whatever lobby group, frequently representing business interests, can exert the greatest pressure. "What we are missing today is vigorous, open debate on public policy," says University of Toronto political scientist David Cameron. "Nobody should have a monopoly on defining what the issue is—or the response. And nobody should be able to shut down discussion without arguing the merits of the case. This is where we are suffering. It isn't healthy."

So what to do? It's little wonder that some groups such as Toronto-based Equal Voice, a group dedicated to electing more women, are espousing proportional representation: after all, the Conservatives got 12 per cent of the vote in the last election—but only four per cent of the 301 seats. But it's difficult to imagine Jean Chrétien's Liberals (41 per cent of the vote, 57 per cent of the seats) contemplating any measure overhead of the electoral system. It's even harder to picture the three blocs of conservative opposition somehow finding it in their souls to put the public good before their own narrow interests. "Fundamental change in national political institutions will only come after Chretien leaves," predicts Sirois. "The only changes are major changes through an enlightened leader—or significant turning events." In the meantime, Bryden will hold his hearings in stubborn isolation, cabinet and the bureaucracy will ensure they get to keep their secrets—and everyone in Canada will be the poorer for it.



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ROGERS MEDIA

# Mike's Little Secret

BY KIM MACQUEEN in Winbank

You'll meet Mike in a moment, if you haven't already. He shows up in a lot of parties. It's safe to say that without Mike's money, Anthony von Mandl's dream would be considerably diminished. They're an unusual duo, Mike the party animal and the suave and sophisticated von Mandl, who is the sole proprietor of Mission Hill Family Estate winery. As far as blash, they're as different as vodka and chardonnay, but these two share a dream.

The dream is that von Mandl wants his winery recognized among the top 10 in the world. He's spending no expense to do so. This, even the pompous concedes, is "an absolutely outrageous objective," for Mission Hill is in the tiny town of Winbank, across Okanagan Lake from Kelowna, B.C.—which is in Canada, for heaven's sake.

You want outrageous, this is what von Mandl told the Kelowna Chamber of Commerce in 1980. He was 31 then, deep in debt, and the new owner of a desolate little winery called Golden Valley. "I saw world-class vinified vineyards winding their way down the valley, numerous estate wineries chafing distinctively different, charming, cool and bed and breakfast cottages adorning estates from around the world," he lectured the chamber, to rapid applause. "In short, the dream is the Napa Valley of Canada, but much more." He'd disappointed today that the culture of tourism infrastructure is yet "nowhere near where it must be." Still, which surprised a profound change.

Twenty years ago, B.C. wine needed a suppleader just to hit the heights of mediocrity. The industry was protected by a cozy arrangement: the vineyards, full of lowbrow hybrid and Lambrusco grapes, were guaranteed sales to the wineries, whose cover-up sales was guaranteed a preferential rate at provincial liquor stores. That changed in the late 1980s when first



How a vodka concoction aimed at beer drinkers is funding Anthony von Mandl's dream winery

male opened the Canadian market to serious competition. Ontario's Niagara region heard the siren call, and now it's the von Mandl, to take on the world (page 38). Vineyards were replanted with European varieties, and wineries like the esteemed Mission Hill began the slow process of producing complex chardonnay, pinot noir and other premium whites and reds.

Today, there are about 60 wineries in the Okanagan and 2,000 hectares of vineyards. The province produces 22 million litres of wine, the best of which routinely win national and international awards. It is a notoriously capital-intensive industry, and the payoff for most vineyards is years away. Although sales climbed to \$65 million in the last fiscal year, the industry has invested \$564 million in vineyards and wineries, and is projected to spend a further \$313 million in the next five years.

For von Mandl—who is spending "in the tens of millions" to build a jaw-dropping destination winery on his hilltop site—the early years were a struggle. Desperate for cash flow, he dumped a "hom-

ible" apple cider the previous winter had produced and replaced it with Okanagan Premier Cider, sold in a variety of fruit flavours. It was the first of the winery's money spinners. Next, he leased rights to sell California Cooler in Canada and Corvina beer in the west of the country.

By 1994 Mission Hill, under chief winemaker John Sem, a New Zealand import, was gaining accolades. That year, its '92 vintage was the surprise winner of the world's best chardonnay in London's International Wine and Spirit Competition. The judges were so shocked to learn of the win's origins in an obscure Canadian valley, they insisted on another blind tasting before confirming the prize. By now, von Mandl had grand plans, but his is an expensive dream. Then along came Mike.

Mike is another son of dream. Von Mandl was seeking a "holly grail" in the adult non-beer market: "a beverage men could drink on beer-drinking occasions." The result was a lemon-vodka combination with a tangibly masochist undertone—Mike's Hard Lemonade (mhr). Gosh

Von Mandl contemplates the joys of millions in a spending on Mission Hill



life by the lemonade". The heavily promoted product—bearing seven per cent alcohol content versus five per cent for a typical Canadian beer (and 12 per cent for wine)—is a triumph of marketing. "Mike" runs with a hip, young crowd, he is shadowy, edgy, and may have a past. "Maybe Mike's a little paranoid," says his biography on the lemonade's Web site, "but the only thing I know about his personal appearance is that he looks oddish, depending on the light."

Mike, of course, is von Mandl, drinking with a different part of his brain—the part that makes pots of money. The brand sells across Canada and in all 50 states, which consumed more than eight million cases last year, versus 100,000 cases of wine sold by Mission Hill. Mike's output is 13 million cases this year, almost equal to the U.S. market that ranked import beer, Labatt Blue. And so it is Mike, a party-heavy guy, who builds von Mandl's legacy.

It's hard to exaggerate the attention to detail poured into what von Mandl calls "the largest single investment in the wine

industry in Canada." Although many of its vineyards are in the desert lands, the focus of Mission Hill is the winery itself—part castle, part fortress, part cathedral—high above the rolling valley and the arid slopes of Okanagan Lake. Working under the eaves with this summer's own New York mass was inspired to something near awe. "So," he said, looking across the grounds to the 12-story bell tower, "we drank here, or we pay here."

A little of both. The entrance, through a formidable metal gate, buffers the hilltop from the outside world. The parking lot and surrounding neighbourhood are fast disappearing behind a planting of 3,000 trees and shrubs. "I wanted to delineate the sector world, if you will, from the spiritual world of wine," von Mandl says. As if on cue, the bells mark the quarter hour, the second pealing across the valley. It's been a "dream assignment" for Seattle architect Tom Knapp, who has spent five years designing everything from the gift shop to the vast, barrel-vaulted wine cellar blessed from volcanic rock. Everywhere

are unexpected flourishes, meant to play across the eyes as good wine does on the tongue: a giant tapestry by Russian artist Marc Chagall, a Renaissance fountain, a private gourmet kitchen and dining room.

There were more than 20 vintners down of the bell tower, "our gift to the valley," before von Mandl was satisfied. A winery without an on-site vineyard was unthinkable, so 10,000 cubic metres of stone were blasted from the rocky hillside, replaced with 15,000 cubic metres of soil. "It makes no sense economically," he concedes, but eyes following young rows of chardonnay and pinot noir sloping toward the lake. "But it was integral to the ethos." The concept, he says, "was to create a winery that would be as relevant in 100 or 200 years as it is today."

One day Mission Hill must pay in way, but for now von Mandl pours money and energy into what he calls "more than a life's work." As the sole owner, he can indulge this conceit. "It would never happen with shareholders," he concedes. Or without his alter ego, Mike, the lemonade guy. ■

# Cool wines, hot market

By D'ARCY JENSH in Niagara

John Peller arrives a few minutes late for lunch, orders a sandwich and salad, and a glass of light golden sauvignon blanc. The 44-year-old president of André Winery Ltd. is seated by a window in the restaurant of his company's new \$10-million Peller Estate Winery in Ontario's Niagara Peninsula—Canada's premier wine-producing region. The view is splendid—vineyards stretching seemingly uninterrupted to the Niagara Escarpment some 10 km away—and so is the food, but Peller barely touches his. He has come to talk about the winery. It is a two-story building of stone and peach-colored stucco, with a high-pitched roof and the look of an elegant French country manor. André has invested heavily in the facility, and the reason, he says, is simple. "We wanted to create a place that pays homage to wine life and culture. Besides, it is critically important to give people a reason to come down here."

People do visit Niagara wineries, of course—some 500,000 of them every year. Most drive, but a few cycle along country roads lined with vineyards. They travel from one winery to another sampling the products, tripping through production rooms filled with big silver vats or down into cool, humid wine cellars where recent vintages are aged in oak barrels, then out to vineyards for a brief lesson on how grapes are grown to produce quality wines. The international wine industry has also taken note of the reds and whites produced in Niagara, and Ontario's two other grape-growing regions—Peller Island and the Lake Erie North Shore at the western end of Erie. Like their counterparts in B.C.'s Okanagan Valley, Ontario wine-makers have scooped up dozens of awards at prestigious foreign competitions over the past decade, including 19 prizes in June at Vinexpo in



Caution, says Peller, when he sold on the quality of their lower product

Bordeaux, France. They've made a splash in Europe and the United States with ice wine, a sweet dessert beverage made from frozen grapes, and are attracting both talent and investors from wine-producing countries around the world, all of which has led to some lively predictions for the future. "Niagara is set to become the world's next hot wine region," claims Paul Spede, presi-

dent, mainly from Europe, the United States and Australia—something Peller would like to change.

The new winery—one of the largest and splashiest in the region—is a key part of that strategy. Where many Niagara wineries have the look and feel of farm buildings, and a rustic air about them, Peller Estate is a high-end operation with gleaming



Vince Triggs is shopping the world for new estates

Canada's two biggest wine-makers are on an expansion binge, but their strategies are very different: one is going global while the other targets Canadians

dent of St. Catharines-based Henry of Pelham Winery and chairman of the Wine Council of Ontario. "If you look at our climate, and proximity to a big market, we're on the verge of blowing wide open."

But others, like Peller, think the Ontario industry, which is made up of 90 mostly small, owner-operated wineries, faces a big selling job at home before it takes on the world. A third-generation wine-maker and a lawyer by training, Peller runs the country's second-largest wine producer—publicly traded André—which has justly sales approaching \$140 million. In recent countries, he says, domestic wine-makers don't trust their own markets, and in places like Bordeaux and Burgundy in France, as well as California, up to 90 per cent of the wine consumed is locally produced. In Canada, however, Canadians nationwide spend about \$3 billion annually on wine and a whopping 60 per cent goes to

importers, mostly from Europe, the United States and Australia—something Peller would like to change.

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his love for land and agriculture to his boyhood on a Manitoba farm, a president of Vince International Inc., the country's other publicly traded wine producer and its largest, with annual sales of nearly \$300 million. Triggs and vice-president Allan Jackson launched Vince in 1989 by paying \$25 million for the wine division of John Labaree Ltd., which was getting out of the business due to heightened competition brought about by the advent of free trade. After reducing the company debt-load, Triggs and Jackson embarked on an acquisition binge financed, in part, by two share offerings that brought in \$60 million. Each purchase fit a corporate plan of making Vince an international force. "We have a vision of distributing our wines around the world," says Triggs, "and turning them into global brands."

Vince began by acquiring vineyards from growers who were reluctant—poorly made—to invest in the higher quality grapes required to produce premium wines. The company assembled a portfolio of estate wineries, including Inandella in Niagara, and Sunset Ridge and Hawthorne Mountain in the Okanagan. Last October, Vince made its first international acquisition—paying about \$145 million for the California winemaker R. H. Phillips Inc., located in the Duranville Hills grape-growing region, 45 km northwest of the Napa Valley—and as part of the deal got Phillips' U.S. sales representatives and networks of 90 distributors. Now Vince is shopping for estate wineries in Chile and Australia, and last month officially opened its new Jackson-Triggs Niagara Estate Winery, which rivals Peller Estate in scale and cost, although the company is not disclosing the exact price tag.

Vince spared no expense in terms of personnel, equipment and design. Winemaker Rob Scapin is from Australia, one of his assistants is from California, and the vineyard managers are from South Africa and Australia. The company has incorporated some of the best wine-making technology from around the world, including a New Zealand dropping device for moving fresh grapes into the winery. French presses and temperature-controlled fermentation tanks made of German steel. And the vines are aged in oak barrels from France and the United States. Architecturally, the three-story winery is a grand mix of old and new,

with post-and-beam construction reminiscent of traditional Ontario barns, and exposed dark wood and floor-to-ceiling windows that are decidedly contemporary. "Our company is about the future of the industry," says Triggs, "and this was my reflex choice."

One part of the future, for Vincon at any rate, is strategic alliances with European producers. Triggs has convinced two prominent French wine-makers to invest in new projects in Niagara and the Okanagan. Vincon and Boisset, La Faurie des Gaudins Vins, the largest producer in France's Burgundy region, are currently developing a vineyard on 52 hectares of land at the foot of the escarpment and have commissioned the renowned Parisian architect Henri Frenkel to design the winery. The Canadian company has also joined forces with the Bordeaux wine producer Groupe Gallien to develop a vineyard and winery above Lake Ontario in the southernmost part of the Okanagan. Besides granting money and expertise into Canada, the French investors will open doors for Vincon in Europe. "They have introduced us to agents and distributors who can market our wines," Triggs notes. "We believe that Europeans are becoming very favourable towards new world wines."

But in the past, regulations imposed by the European Union severely restricted Canadian access. Domestic wine-makers were allowed to ship annually up to 1,000 bottles, or 135,000 regular bottles of table wine, under a special allowance for small producers. Two companies were prepared to spend the money required to develop European markets when access could be withdrawn at any time. Furthermore, if a few wines took off, producers would very quickly have reached the export quota. So for six years, the EU ruled that its alcohol content could exceed the acceptable limit and prohibited sales in member countries. Technical and provincial officials, as well as the wine industry, lobbied vigorously against the ban and finally prevailed in May. At the same time, the EU removed the ceiling on imports of Canadian table wines.

Wine analysts anticipate that the changes will lead to an immediate surge in its wine exports. The products, which were revered by German monks in 1779, is very rare in

## An insouciant little million-dollar contest

A lot of buzz, a big of wine and, wow, the University of British Columbia is the home of wine-making's newest, richest prize: the biennially held Stiefel Challenge of the Century—Millen Seller Challenge. None of the contest's huge monetary upside from the most vibrant and trophies at international wine events—"It's spreading like wild fire across the globe," says Nicole van Vuren, director of the university's new Wine Research Centre.

Plans for a global search for the best chardonnay have fermented for years in the mind of van Vuren, a South African-born



Van Vuren wants a 'Stiefel Olympics'

wine press researcher who combines his love of science and wine with a flair for marketing. The top 100 wines will be announced after judging by an international panel in September, 2002. Price money, based on expenses and entry fees, will be spread among the top 25 wines. The \$500,000 grand prize will be announced at a gala dinner in Vancouver in January, 2003.

The contest—already endorsed by several world-class wineries—will draw international attention to Canadian wines. "What they have achieved borders on the miraculous," van Vuren says of Canada's emerging quality winners. "It's a pity that the world doesn't know what we're producing."

The contest has an added benefit for the bottle, which is taking the next generation of vintners in the art and science of the grape. Entrants submit a case of their chardonnay. Three bottles go to the judges, while the rest is deposited in the bottle's Wine Library. The library will be up to 20,000 bottles of the world's top chardonnays, to be sampled and enjoyed as the wines age.

Wine aficionados of the Wine Library are an academic necessity, the entire policy is problematic. Van Vuren hopes to explain the offer by staging a contest every few years, alternating between whites and reds. It will be, he says, "a kind of wine Olympics."

Ken MacQuinn

Europe because only Germany and Austria can count on the right weather conditions with any consistency. For wine is made from extremely ripe grapes harvested while from solid temperatures of 8°C to 12°C. It's generally sold in 375-ml bottles—half the size of a standard bottle of table wine—at prices that start around \$40 because it's risky to produce. Niagara wine-makers netted out 329,000 litres last year, and about one-third of the production is exported to the United States and several parts of Asia, including Taiwan, Japan, Hong Kong and even China. "All of a sudden, here's a country that can start to supply the world," says Speck. "It's exciting, and people took notice."

But most Ontario producers do not see

a steady market for their table wines in Europe. Sales and marketing campaigns are expensive, they say, and the market crowded. Paul-André Boac, 41, vice-president of marketing and administration with Château des Chénies estate winery, points out that production from the world's 60,000 wineries is increasing by one per cent annually while consumption is growing by only two per cent. "We're seeing a lot of bulldozers about the future," says Boac. "But if we don't find new markets, we're just playing musical chairs. And five years from now, there won't be chairs for everyone." Before the market opens, though, wine-makers like Pellet hope to find ways by turning their Canadian into legal consumers. ■



Donald Cox

## Love and the market

The relationship between expectation and reality determines how people view their success in picking stocks and spouses. The difference is that it's easier to tell the stocks. But in each case, there is trouble if expectations are unrealistically high. Stock market action in the past year is the equivalent of millions of women suddenly discovering they didn't marry Prince Charming.

Until the mid-1990s, the stock market was not of consuming interest to people outside the financial community. It went up and went down, and was usually too boring to attract attention away from seriously interesting subjects like movies and sports. That changed when U.S. stock trading went on a tear. Suddenly, the market was exciting. The media began giving it full coverage. Seminars for individual investors drew large throngs.

Showbiz needs stars. Among the new spafities were academics and economists who published books trumpeting the certainty of wonderful long-term returns from the stock market. The army could easily conclude that equities delivered 9.5- to 10-per-cent returns for almost any time period. Since those numbers were so far above the returns from bonds or cash, "stocks for the long run" became the only strategy for anyone except the very elderly and the very belligerent.

The similar euphoria shared four characteristics: 1) they were great talkers; 2) they had great slides; 3) they raised great expectations of future returns; and 4) they had no professional experience in managing equity portfolios.

Those of us who didn't meet all those criteria were not in demand at the stock market live-on. We commentators, when asked for confirmation by the young in equity love, were adored to reach for the cold water, the way parents do when their teenage children proclaim their undying passion for someone they've just met. It's not that wife against love; it's not that wife against marriage. But do you really know what you're getting into?

When asked, well, old stock market history. For example, an investor who bought shares at the market's peak in London Johnson's on had to wait until Ronald Reagan's term to break even. Well, let's note that the spectacular returns of recent years have pulled long-term returns into new high ground: the key U.S. index, the Standard & Poor's 500, had five straight years (ending in 1999) of 20-per-cent-plus returns, and nothing

remotely approaching those rewards had ever come before.

Investors should therefore expect "regression to the mean." Pick any set of long-term numbers you wish, such as the number of consecutive wet weekends in Maui, the number of nine-free November days in Vancouver, or the number of hours Stockwell Day goes without an embarrassing gaffe. After a run of exceptional performance, a period of common losses to get the statistics back into line with history. Stock will give you great performance relative to bonds that the time for those asset classes in which roles was obviously coming soon.

The glory stock market enthusiasts had an answer for that one: we are in a new era of the New Economy, so those long-term averages aren't relevant. With the New Economy, growth will be stronger and corporate profits will expand faster than in the pre-Internet decades. Stocks—particularly tech stocks—are cool, bonds are boring.

Hello, young lovers: regression to the mean is back in as it means Stocks—particularly tech stocks—are out. Bonds—particularly long-term bonds—are in. Since the end of March, 1998, in the United States, even money-market funds have done better than stocks. Profits are also regressing: measured total U.S. corporate profits are back to where they were in 1993, which is when the romance began. Over the past 40

months, returns from stocks have badly beaten money under the mattress (without the contribution to area-free slumber that mattress money contributed).

Historically, cash outperformed stocks for a period as long as three years only when the United States fell into a deep recession. That doesn't explain what's happening this time. Apart from spending on capital goods (particularly technology), the United States isn't in recession.

The real cause of equity euphoria is the disengagement that follows a major emotional and financial commitment made without an understanding of the real risks. The Triple Whammy: rise and collapse of technology stock valuations, of course, runaway passion (or perversion), but the unrealistic infatuation with stocks in general was destined to leave scars. Yet history says cash will not outperform stocks (other than tech stocks) for much longer. Equities should soon begin regressing upward to the mean.

The baby boomers' love affair with shares has been drifting towards the rocks. With some prudence and counselling, it will flower anew, based on solid (solid?) middle-age understanding of truth, not the passion of youth.

Donald Cox is chairman of Horro Investment Management in Chicago and Toronto-based press financial journalist.

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ROGERS  
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## Tech Explorer

### HEALTHY COMMUNICATION

When you get crossed in hospital, patients can sometimes die. In fact, Dr. Stephen Lapinsky, an intensive-care physician at Mount Sinai Hospital in Toronto, says an increasing number of studies worldwide show communication breakdown between medical staff as the most common cause of preventable deaths. To ensure staff stay on top of a patient's condition and treatment, 18-floor Mount Sinai is experimenting, measures that include a wireless phone system made by Avaya Inc. of Basking Ridge, N.J.

The Avaya system in effect creates an in-building cellphone network without air-wave charges, and operates at a frequency of 1.9 gigahertz, which, unlike cellphones, does not interfere with sensitive medical equipment. The system integrates phone, pager and emergency services. Patients can now call immediately, who can then patch into a doctor for consultation. "It has made a huge difference," Lapinsky says.

Mount Sinai is making extensive use of Palm hand-held computers as well, by compiling a database with guidelines for critical patients. Doctors download the data onto hand-holds for bedside reference, containing patient care. Lapinsky says doctors will soon use the hand-holds using the hospital's instructional programme as a patient standard.

### COOL SITE

#### Go fly a kite

With summer almost gone, and kids returning almost, going back to school, why not distract them by letting them go to build and fly a kite? At new Scratch-Just.com, [www.scratch-just.com](http://www.scratch-just.com), maintained by Toronto Web artist Jennifer Chan, instructions on building a kite from scratch are clear and the plan simple. All that's required is some balsa, tape, string paper and wooden dowels. For more adventurous designs and useful information, there's a well-chosen set of entertaining links



Lapinsky says hand-holds help with care

to assess how well doctors respond when faced with life-threatening situations. On-call physicians are also benefiting. Instead of wheeling home a suitcase full of reference material, they now simply carry a memory-card-equipped Palm loaded with digital notes on outside before filling prescriptions over the phone. "If it ever crashes," Lapinsky says, "it's all on the card."

### Lapping it up

Sure, portable computers go *put* about anywhere. But using one in bed, on the couch or on the floor can be an awkward challenge. The solution may lie with the LapGaze, called as the ergonomic answer for comfort and usable work. Cancer Jindro Rana says he grew weary of using his computer during long hours spent on airplanes and in hotel rooms as a businessman. Now retired and living in Bloomington, Ariz., Rana has patented his invention and sells it online at [www.lapgaze.com](http://www.lapgaze.com) for \$129 (U.S.). Made from anodized aluminum and available in four colours, the foldable LapGaze weighs 770 g and can easily fit into a briefcase. When unfolded into various positions, the angle of the cable, the height and the locking legs are all adjustable. The 25-by-35-cm cable, also useful for reading books, can handle up to 10 kg. "You can move your body," says Rana, "but it doesn't move the computer."

Danylo Hromobobus and Luke Fisher

## People Edited by Shonda Darril



From with son Thomas, 6 left: a dead ringer for Trudeau, with James at 20 months

about building the man who feels that creating these roles in his life's work. There is an awful lot of background that will never be in the movie, but without it the foundation of the house would be wrong."

### JUST WATCH HIM

Throughout last week's fever over who would play **Margaret Trudeau** in an upcoming CBC mini-series on Canadian most famous couple, the man who would be **Paul** had his hand buried in constitutional law books. **Colin Firth**, a Boston-born, Windsor, Ont.-based actor, most recently seen in *A.I.* and *Lord of the Rings*, acknowledges that portraying Trudeau between 1968 and 1981 means more than portraying an indifferent shaggy and wide-eyed actor. "He came into politics with very firm ideas of what he'd like to do," says Firth. "So I think it is

That's not to say Firth doesn't appreciate the lighter side of the legacy—he jokes about getting the producers to buy him a raggy Mercedes-Benz for research. "He was a cosmopolitan, very charming leading our country," says the 42-year-old actor who lives in Stratford, Ont. "It made us all look good." Firth, who had great success playing **Glen Gould** in *Thirty Two Short Films About Glen Gould*, plans on meeting with a few Trudeau cronies, but probably won't be talking to the prime minister's sons. "In a sense, I want the freedom to make it up. I don't want to be limited by too much truth," he says, finding his inner shag.

### Not a simple Simon

There's something about Simon Wilton. The 26-year-old musician has a wide smile and infectious laugh. She loves gauzy tales and readily embarrasses herself for the sake of a story. Yes, nothing is simple with Wilton. She was born in Montreal after her 19-year-old mother, Sadia, went into labour while dancing at a Toronto bar and was driven to McMaster University's underwriter birthing facilities by Frankie O'neer's keyboard player, Jean Besen. Wilton was named in Ontario because her father, Canadian actor David Wilton, asked a friend to take care of his daughter so that he and her mother could continue touring. And she is based nowhere—but is currently living with friends in Toronto while recording her second album, *Shoreline*. The CD follows the life of a childhood friend, a teen hooker who ran away and was beaten to death in a Toronto hotel room. "She was named out of the house at 10 years old," says Wilton. "I really identified with her. There was somebody else who had been forgotten."

Wilton's music, at once sad and triumphant, is drawing a large fan base and, against all odds, she's actually making a living playing guitar. "I want to take this as far as I can go," says Wilton, the girl in her voice at odds with her sweet smile.



Read on: Interviews with Simon Wilton and James Wilton

# STEM CELLS A MORAL DILEMMA

Politicians and scientists ponder the ethics of using embryos in a promising research field

BY MARK NICHOLS

Like many medical researchers these days, Freda Miller is mesmerized by the healing potential of stem cells—versatile particles of life that can morph into the 200 or so types of cells needed to make a human being. Embryos are an obvious—but fiercely controversial—source of such cells. Now, scientists have begun to discover that stem cells exist in adult tissue as well, though they have proven to be elusive and difficult to handle. A molecular biologist at the Montreal Neurological Institute, Miller two summers ago hit on the idea of searching for adult stem cells in an easily accessible place. Recall Miller: "I thought, 'Wouldn't it be just amazing if

we could find them in skin?' " Working with mice, her team teased in on the dermis, the skin's second layer, where scientists had found evidence that sensory receptor cells regenerate after injury.

Soon enough, they discovered mouse skin does contain stem cells, with the potential to become not only neural cells, but muscle and fat cells as well. Moreover, says Miller, whose findings were published last week in the journal *Nature Cell Biology*, preliminary evidence suggests the same cells exist in human skin. "When we found neural stem cells," says Miller, "that was great. But when we found the other cells it was like a whole new world."

Ever since scientist James Thomson of the University of Wisconsin succeeded in isolating living stem cells from embryos in 1938, researchers have seen a potential for medical miracles. Because stem cells can transform themselves into muscle, neural and brain cells, they could help to treat, or even cure, conditions ranging from diabetes and muscular dystrophy to Parkinson's disease and stroke. But the fact that embryos are currently the most readily available source of stem cells has turned research in the field into a moral minefield, triggering furious debate in the United States between medical researchers and pro-life advocates on the one hand, and Christian fundamentalists and pro-life advocates on the other.

Attempting to satisfy both sides, President George W. Bush ordered a policy on Aug. 9 that will permit U.S. government funding for research but only if it uses en-



Miller's team found versatile cells in one layer of the skin of mice

tering cultures of stem cells from embryos created by *in vitro* fertilization. The policy denies money to projects that would use embryonic tissue not already collected. The decision angered some American scientists. "It's like making science with one hand tied behind your back," says Lee Silver, a molecular biologist at Princeton University.

In Ottawa, a Parliamentary committee is considering legislation that would be less restrictive than the U.S. rules, allowing research to use tissue from early-stage embryos created by *in vitro* fertilization that otherwise would be discarded. So far, the issue has not sparked the kind of public debate that has raged in the United States. But it could flare up if the federal government in fact permits experiments on fetal tissue. "An embryo is not just a clump of cells," says Dr. John Shen, a retired biologist and medical adviser for Campaign Life Coalition Canada, a Toronto-based anti-abortion organization. "It's a human

individual, entitled to life and dignity."

Debate could also intensify if the healing promise of stem cells is borne out. "If effective stem-cell therapies based on embryonic tissue are developed," says Robi Worton, scientific director of the Ontario Health Research Institute and head of The Stem Cell Network, "we would need vast amounts of tissue. We'd be treating cancer as a commodity—and the debate would become much bigger than it is now."

Which is why Miller's discovery could be critically important, pointing as it does to the possibility that adult stem cells could eventually prove nearly as versatile as the embryonic ones. Scientists have also turned up stem cells in other parts of adult bodies, including bone marrow, the brain and in some muscle tissue. Last year, a Toronto research team discovered neural stem cells in animals and humans, raising the hope of new treatments in the future for damaged or damaged eyes. Used re-

cently, scientists believed that, unlike embryonic stem cells, adult cells could produce only a few types of tissue. New findings like Miller's suggest that adult stem cells may have the potential for producing a much wider range of new tissues.

But adult stem cells have limitations—scientists find it frustratingly hard to make them multiply, unlike embryonic cells, which can proliferate indefinitely. For now, says Janet Rossant, a molecular biologist at Toronto's Mount Sinai Hospital, "it's too early to say which will be the best source to go to—so it's important that we move forward on both fronts, working with both adult and embryonic stem cells."

Ottawa's proposed rules would make that possible. The regulations are part of draft legislation that lays down guidelines for a variety of reproductive technologies, including *in vitro* fertilization and donor insemination, while banning the cloning of humans and the buying and selling of human embryos. The draft, under review

by the House of Commons standing committee on health, could be completed next spring. The committee has heard testimony on the stem cell issue from government officials, ethicists and representatives of religious groups, and plans to hear from medical researchers when Parliament resumes next month. So far, says committee chairman Bonnie Brown, an Ottawa, Ont., Liberal, the hearings have "really been an educational exercise—an effort to understand. There are bound to be committee members who won't like the proposals, but I simply can't say at this stage what individual members think."

If Ottawa's proposed rules become law, will American stem-cell researchers head north to access Canadian money? Already, one prominent U.S. researcher has announced plans to move to Britain, where liberal rules go so far as to permit scientists to create embryos solely for research purposes—a practice forbidden under the proposed Canadian regulations. But Ottawa's Women's Health Minister Jeanette Nolin would have many American researchers to Canada, mainly because of the shortage of research money. "American scientists are so well funded," he says, "there would have to be very compelling reasons for them to come here." Experts estimate that funding for stem-cell research in Canada amounts to about \$10 million a year—a fraction of the more than \$400 million spent last year in the United States.

The dearth of funding has not stopped Canadian scientists from scoring major breakthroughs. In 1993, Samuel Weiss, a University of Calgary neurobiologist, became the first to find stem cells in the brain. They naturally churn out new specialized cells for several parts of the brain, says Weiss, but not others. Working with mouse brains, Weiss now is trying to find ways to intervene in the process so that a damaged brain can repair itself. "Can it be done? Someone in the next decade," says Weiss, "we will come up with therapies as dramatically improve recovery from stroke or trauma in the brain." Of course, it's possible researchers using embryonic stem cells could reach that goal first, as medical science explores the brave new world of stem cells.

Should Canada allow research using cells from human embryos?



An eight-cell human embryo

## An enormous potential for good

Stem-cell research holds out hope for new ways of treating a variety of disease and conditions, among them:

Stroke	Spinal cord injury
Diabetes	Muscular dystrophy
Parkinson's	Heart disease
Alzheimer's	Eye damage



# WHAT'S OLD IS NEW

Lacrosse, Canada's once-declining national sport, is surging, attracting kids to junior leagues and new fans to the pro game

**T**wo minutes to game time. The coach, skinny with waist-length brown hair, gathers his team around the net to deliver a pep talk. "Are we here to have fun?" he bellows. "No!" the 10-year-olds answer in unison. "Are we here to win?" "Yes!" The team lines up for faceoffs and immediately the players in black-and-brandy uniforms are on the offensive. They charge the net. Passes fly between the attackers, and suddenly the white rubber ball darts past the face-four-toe goalie, who moves awkwardly in wide shoulder pads. Cheers erupt from the parents in the bleachers while others scream instructions. "Keep your stick high, David!" a parent shouts.

The scene at the Ingoose Park arena complex in Whitby, Ont., is becoming more typical across Canada as lacrosse, aggressive and fast-paced, surges in popularity. The number of people joining into the game has exploded: registration increased by almost 30 per cent in each of the past three years, far more than any other organized sport. In 2008, there were an estimated 300,000 players competing in the various versions of lacrosse.

Lacrosse. That word is still only a fraction of the participation in Canada's other national game, hockey. But lacrosse is gaining, in part because of greater exposure—the game has been featured in movies such as 1999's blockbuster teen comedy *American Pie*. But the real boost comes from the revived National Lacrosse League games, specifically from Toronto's team, the Rock. "It seems to be the state that the kids look for," says Jeff Burke, president of the Canadian Lacrosse Association.

Parents are so enamored with their kids' "80s life to refer to it as a fever," says Michelle Hicks, 43, of Burlington, Ont., whose 12-year-old son, Matt, is in his fifth year tending goal for a Burlington lac-

rosse-level team. Hicks, like many parents, says it's the dink, the physically demanding aspect of the game that appeal to her. And the kids themselves love its toughness, which is a lot like in hockey. "I like to hit and be hit," says Adam Johnson, 14, still flushed 20 minutes after coming off the turf-covered rink. He will be waving up for hockey this fall, as will the majority of his teammates, but lacrosse is his first love.

Hard contact is the point of the Toronto

Inc., which owns the Rock. After three years of sweat, the team turned in first profits this past season.

In the pro league, the stipend paid to players on Canadian teams—an average of \$18,500 for the 6½-month season—isn't enough for them to quit their day jobs. So a few weeks from now, policemen, firefighters and teachers will dust off their jerseys and pick up their lacrosse sticks to hack one another, their bare legs vulnerable to turf burns and cuts and bruises from the force of slabs across the shins as another season begins. In the locker rooms, you won't find energy drinks or specialty foods; it's beer and pizza for these athletes.

"When I started playing lacrosse, I didn't think I'd be playing in front of 19,600 people," says the Rock's Steve Tolt, a 27-year-old correctional officer, husband and father-to-be. "It's unbelievable."

The sport has come a long way from the venue played by aboriginals along the St. Lawrence Valley in the mid-17th century and witnessed by the first European visitors. Hundreds of people might be involved in a game played on half-field-wide fields

and lasting up to three days. Today, the NLL games are played inside cramped arenas on rock and rip-hop soundtrack with midriff-baring cheerleaders, beer company sponsors and national broadcasting deals.

There are four types of lacrosse: box, played indoors with a 30-second shot clock, men's and women's field, played outdoors and each with a different set of rules, and team lacrosse, a non-contact variety played mostly in schools and Quebec. While Canada rules as box lacrosse, most countries compete in field—a fact well-known to Canadian world team program director Bill Hicks, who must select his final 23 players for the 2012 world champ-



ionships in Perth, Australia. "Out of the 54 players who will be invited to the Vancouver camp in October, all of them are box," says Hicks. "In the U.S., they had 300 applications from players who are 100-per-cent field lacrosse." Still, box is catching up in popularity. Just recently, the International Lacrosse Federation gave Canada the green light to host the first world indoor lacrosse championships, set for 2013 in southern Ontario. And Canada's dominance at box has cultivated a solid crop of players for the pro league, one reason behind the Toronto team's success story.

The Rock originated in Hamilton as the Ontario Raiders, playing the 1997-1998 season in tiny crowds. Then it was purchased by a group of investors led by Watson, who moved the team to Maple

Leaf Gardens and transformed it into Toronto's second-tier sports darling. The Rock won back-to-back championships in 1999 and 2001, and last April, before 19,400 fans jamming the Rock's new home, the Air Canada Centre, lost the title to the Philadelphia Wings. The marketing crew behind the team is leading in Maple's search on the Ottawa Rebel, a two-year-old franchise, and also to the Montreal Express. The Express, along with teams in Vancouver and Calgary, was added last spring to make the NLL a 13-team league, the league plans to add three more cities next year.

The year-old Sportsworld Entertainment won the Vancouver bid and named its team the Ravens. "We expect the Ravens to break even in Year 1 and turn a

profit in Year 2," says team governor Tim Mayesloviich. The group also owns a men's and women's soccer team in Vancouver and, through a separate company, the city's all-sports radio station, announcing the beginnings of a tidy little empire. Sportsworld plans to help fund youth lacrosse in the province, a move that will undoubtedly help boost potential revenues. Some franchises are donating a portion of the proceeds from tickets bought by junior players and their families to those kids' teams.

Joan Bialski, who began playing three years ago, is the typical fan: a player and a fan. "Lacrosse is just a fun sport to do," he says. Matt and sister kids agree. ■



For Johnathan (left) and Didi (left in action, right), 4½ years



# Romantically Incorrect

One of the reasons guys go to movies, aside from watching other guys play with guns and drive fast, is to learn how to act cool around women. From Humphrey Bogart to James Dean, the screen has set styles in romantically correct behavior. But lately the cinematic has become a little twisted. Here are three new films that offer some backhanded strategies for winning a girl's heart. According to *The Gelfin Jack Scorpion*, you should behave like a smart-ass misogynist twerp and break in to her apartment. In *Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back*, it's best just to attack and wreck a list, use "brash" as a tactic of endearment, and demand sex on sight. But for those who can't beat the best of Captain Corélli Mandelón, his idea of romance is to invade a girl's village with an army, commandeer her bedroom, and play the mandolin. And unlike the other two films, it's not supposed to be funny.

**The Curse of the Jack Scorpion** When it comes to sweeping girls off their feet with leonard monisms, Woody Allen is the old pro. But once an inspiration go lower everywhere (if this dumb can come, anyone can), he has become a Doran Gray paragon of ravenous delusion for aging boomers. Cranking out almost a picture per year, Allen is America's most prolific, nation-accomplished filmmaker. And with each outing in front of the camera, he has direct his aggressively self-deprecating persona deeper into extinction, until it's become garbled with a wind mill of self-loathing and narcissism. But just as I'll always buy the new Susan album, and be disappointed, I would never miss a Woody Allen movie. Each is like a new chapter in a vast, sprawling novel. Allen, 65, hasn't made a movie that's about anything since

*Husbands and Wives* (1992). Of course we've been used to the embarrassment of the megalomaniac loop between his life and art, but this time-around monism: But we miss the fact that his movies were once essential, now they're merely diverting.

*The Curse of the Jack Scorpion*, the 34th film Allen has directed, is the latest in a string of stylish, bubblegum comedy to contain jewelry. Set in 1940, it's a cine-caper about an insurance investigator named C.W. Briggs (Allen). He's a hard-boiled detective with an eggplant ego, a sophisticated version of the Sam Spade fixator.

**Three guys go a-courting: one acts like a misogynist twerp, another demands sex on sight, the third brings in the military—and his mandolin**

figure from *Play It Again, Sam*. Sauntering around the office, Briggs carries on a pitch-and-tickle flirtation with the female staff, but meets his match in a sexy new "broad" named Betty Ann (Helen Hunt)—a no-nonsense efficiency expert who regards Briggs as a dinosaur. Basically, Hunt is recycling her office feminism role from *When Women Meet*. But Betty Ann is not too liberal to fall for her natural boss, a head played by an exceptionally wooden Dan Aykroyd.

The plot revolves around byzantium, a trope that Allen has used before, in *Alfie* (1960) and *A Midwinter Night's Sex Comedy* (1982). A cabaret byzantium past Briggs and Betty Ann is an amorous masochist for the amusement of their colleagues, while covertly setting up Briggs to serve as a sleepwalking jewel thief. A comedy of errors ensues, and so Allen and Hunt set out a Bogie-Baudouin feud that can

only end in romance. Woody finds off a script (Charles Thorne) who finds him insupportably hot. Sigh.

There's always some pleasure in the craft of a Woody Allen picture. This one has a lovely period look, more a homage to '40s movies than to the real '40s. It's also strangely comforting to see a summer comedy bereft of profanity, violence or lusting animals. But in a nutshell, *Jack Scorpion* only strikes its nostalgic for Allen's better work. It even lacks the pizazz of recent films such as *Radio Days*, *Summer and Lovers* and *Small Time Goals*. The laughs are sparse, the intrigue predictable. And Woody, swamped by a fadism and over-the-top, is one old, sad clown, a ridiculous ladies' man working too hard to win our love affection.

**Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back** Kevin Smith may not be the new Woody Allen, but the 31-year-old actor/writer/director is one of the strongest comic talents of his generation. Sometimes he's too smart for his

own good, as he proved in the oversmoking *Dogma* (1999), an attempt to slapstick theology. But Smith's latest effort is flat-out mad comedy—script, outrageous and very funny. Unfolding in a post-modern parody of the movie business, *Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back* features two insouciant characters from Smith's "New Jersey Chronicles"—Clerk, Malibu, *Chasing Amy* and *Dogma*. The monomaniacal Jay (Jason Mewus) and his crime-like sidekick, Bob (Smith), are dingo-dogging students who spend their lives learning against a convenience store—dead-end jobs in the tradition of Clerks and Clerks, Bill and Ted, Wayne and Garth.

The story is as dumb as the characters. When Jay and Bob discover that Mewus is filming a movie from a comic book based on their characters—and that they are being bad-mouthed on the internet—they head off to Hollywood to sabotage



In Woody's latest, Hunt plays a feminist who succumbs to her married boss, Cruz and Cager (below left) have little chemistry. Smith and Mewus (below right) are outrageous



the production. In scene, they get picked up by a van of babes who don't rubber out and dupe them into sending them to keep in a dorm for a dormed host... well, you get the picture.

Smith has marshaled a dawning army of cinema—from the likes of George Clooney, Ben Affleck, Matt Damon, Mark Hamill, Came Fisher, Chris Rock, Shannen Doherty, James Van Der Beek and Jason Biggs. Affleck and Damon and the movie with hilarious self-parody—shoots *Wish Harming 2* with a dead Gus Van Sant. And Mewus, Smith's producing partner, is the best of some modern (y-jokes). His script, meanwhile, is a wash with comic profanity, including a mock macho rant at conquering the cinema. Jay and Bob is a verbal group-out comedy. No doubt some will misinterpret the satire as misogyny and homophobia—but that's the risk of making mean movies about dumb guys.

**Captain Corélli Mandelón** Tim is the lord of Minuteman misadventure. The Smith's film picks him up. And the poster, showing a flock of fighter-bombers appearing out of Perseus' Clouds, sums up its dumb attempt to marry love and war—a boutique-scale *Paul Hatter*.

Directed by John Madden (*Shakespeare in Love*), and based on the best-selling novel by Louis de Bertrix, *Captain Corélli Mandelón* (in handsome travesty it's set on a hazy Greek island during the Second World War. As part of an occupation, he does not believe in, a mass-loving Italian officer (Nicola Cage) falls for the headstrong daughter (Cruz) of a village doctor (John Mewus). While trying to preserve the novel's whimsical charm, the movie thrives—and sanitizes—its sprawling narrative. Characters become easily as we expect them to in movies. No one gets old or ugly. The heroine's fiancé (Christian Bale), who becomes a heroic figure in the book, a now a steady front-line fighter. And before laying down his name to the Nazis, the Captain gets to fight a heroic battle that's about from the novel. Meanwhile, it's hard to get Corélli and Italian who are played by Alessandro, a Brit and a Spanish. Cruz holds her own, drawing emotional anxiety from the thin air of a recent script. But Cage smells through the movie with a ludicrous accent, his American drawl shining through like a bad joke through a bad comb over. His chemistry with Cruz is unconvincing. (It's no *Ten Cents*.) And besides, the guy just doesn't look comfortable holding a mandolin. ■

## BACK IN THE SADDLE AGAIN

Just as the real Jesse James defied death many times, his legend resists oblivion. Now the mid-19th-century gunfighter, whose story has been told in more than two dozen films, is back in *American Outlaws*. After James (Colin Farrell, who won acclaim in last year's *Tigerland*) returns from the Civil War, where he fought as a Confederate raider, he must defend his home town of Liberty, Mo., from a railway band trying to coerce ranchers into selling their land cheap so it can be used for a cross-country railway. James and another Civil War veteran, Cole Younger (Scott Caan), form the James-Younger Gang, which—in a plot based loosely on real events—commits a series of Robin Hood-like bank robberies to steal out conspiracy money. The ending features a recreation in detective Allan Pinkerton (Timothy Dalton).

This incarnation of Jesse is pretty tame compared with some of his predecessors—he and his fellow gang members seldom



This version of Jesse James, as played by Farrell (right), doesn't cut

swear and the fight scenes, while well-executed, are devoid of blood. So 14-year-olds are allowed to see the movie unaccompanied by an adult, but the movie has enough authentic Western flavor to keep grown-ups engaged. The ending hints at a sequel: Jesse, it seems, just will not go gentle into that good dramatic night. **John Lasker**

## Only in TV-land: Pasadena, B.C.

For more than a decade, *Vancouver* and its surrounding area have stood in for various American locales in feature films, movies-of-the-week and television series. But it would appear that trying to look like the Californian city of Pasadena, home of the Rose Bowl football game, is going too far. Hollywood film and TV writers and the City of Pasadena are up in arms about the new Fox prime-time soap *Pasadena*, starring Dana Delany, being filmed in Vancouver. "Pasadena is a very unique place," explains the city's planning and special events manager, Alan Fern. "I just don't see how it could possibly be duplicated anywhere else. It's ironic that it's called *Pasadena*, but isn't filmed here." In fact, union officials have latched on to that irony as a prime example of the problems of "vanagonia production," an issue that has pitted the U.S. film and television industry against its Canadian counterpart for several years. California filmmakers argue that Canada is snatching their business with tax incentives and the weak Canadian dollar.

But B.C. Film Commission director Mark DeRoche calls the *Pasadena* debate "a tragedy." He also speculates showing that while incentives for the production industry in his province reached \$1.2 billion last year, California enjoyed \$4.5 billion. As for Vancouver dressing up as other cities, DeRoche laughs. "B.C. has been made up to look like a lot of places—even Mars. We've got a lot of talent, and they can turn a location into anywhere you need it to be."



A Californian city moves north

## Greatness in a kilt

Sir Alexander Graham Bell, David Hume, Robert Burns, Charles Rennie Mackintosh, Daniel Livingstone. They all had a major impact on the world, and they were all Scottish. *When Scotland Ruled the World: The Story of the Golden Age of Genius, Creativity and Exploration* (Harper-Collins) is essentially an encyclopedia of Scottish luminaries—most of whom, like Canadian rebel William Lyon Maclean, made their mark away from home. Arthur Stewart Lawrie, a journalist and biographer, contends that since the middle of the 18th century, Scotland "has demonstrated an amazing ability to produce thinkers, writers, scientists, physicians and leaders far out of proportion to its size as a nation" (now less than 10 per cent of the entire British population). This he attributes to a diverse and adventurous spirit that is quintessentially Scottish.



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- |   |    |
|---|----|
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| 5. <b>THE OTHER GARDEN</b> by Gordon (1)    | 5  |
| 6. <b>THE OTHER GARDEN</b> by Gordon (1)    | 6  |
| 7. <b>THE OTHER GARDEN</b> by Gordon (1)    | 7  |
| 8. <b>THE OTHER GARDEN</b> by Gordon (1)    | 8  |
| 9. <b>THE OTHER GARDEN</b> by Gordon (1)    | 9  |
| 10. <b>THE OTHER GARDEN</b> by Gordon (1)   | 10 |

### Nonfiction

- |   |    |
|---|----|
| 1. <b>THE PUNISHING SPIRIT</b> by Craig (1) | 1  |
| 2. <b>ATTEMPTED TO MURDER</b> by David (1)  | 2  |
| 3. <b>THE WINDING ROAD</b> by David (1)     | 3  |
| 4. <b>ACCORDING TO GORDON</b> by Gordon (1) | 4  |
| 5. <b>THE OTHER GARDEN</b> by Gordon (1)    | 5  |
| 6. <b>THE OTHER GARDEN</b> by Gordon (1)    | 6  |
| 7. <b>THE OTHER GARDEN</b> by Gordon (1)    | 7  |
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"Somebody," says MacKenzie (left), "has to speak for the dead"

## Mining graves for evidence

Detective Peter MacKenzie holds the shattered shell of a 50-year-old Keweenaw woman in his lean, gloved hands. She was shot in the back of the head, execution-style. As chief medical examiner for Manitoba Justice in Winnipeg, MacKenzie is a guy that uncovering Keweenaw's grisly secrets is welcoming. "Somebody has to speak for the dead," he says, near tears. "That's all we can do." MacKenzie is among the Canadian police officers and pathologists portrayed in *Shadows of Fear*, an hour-long documentary (Futurix, Aug. 28 and 30, 9 p.m.) that chronicles

their work in the forensic aftermath of Vietnam in 1999, following the 70-day NATO bombing campaign that forced Serbia's capitulation. Yugoslavians' attempt to "cleanse" its southern provinces of ethnic Albanians left the countryside littered with shallow graves and unidentified remains, the Canadian team exhumed 56 dead Keweenaws, identifying 55 of them. The team's main purpose was to gather evidence for the prosecution of former Yugoslav president Slobodan Milosevic at the UN International Criminal Tribunal in the Hague. But the film also shows how the Canadians gave family members of the slain a small measure of peace.

Michael Sauter



Allan Fotheringham

## Not very sporting

There is all the learning and reasoning and whining in the national chauvinistic press about the dreadful show our twenty types put on at a Dead-on at the world trials and field championships. It demonstrates two things: Canadian ignorance of what the world is about, and if the government doesn't care, it gets the results it deserves.

Sport has always been the way out of poverty in Britain, it is so. Stanley Matthews—as at the end Sir Stanley Matthews—started at Blackpool when the standard wage for First Division players was 25 pounds a week. Manchester United's David Beards—started to one of the Spice boys—is a multimillionaire while still in his 20s.

The way out of the ghetto in New York is the name of the century for the Irish and Jewish talented young men won the boxing ring. Only until the Brown Bombs, Joe Louis, won the heavyweight crown by whipping James J. Braddock in 1937 and Max Baer, and the rest of the white boys did he not begin to dominate the squared circle.

The way out of America's slums is displayed on our TV screens every weekend: the man whose face seen in the NBA rode the pine, Larry Bird the last non-black superstar now long gone. Even the last refuge of the white boy in the NFL, the secret quarterback position, is being threatened by the flood of talented blacks who previously had to flee to the CFL to play the position. Major league baseball—Jude Robinson didn't break the race barrier with the Brooklyn Dodgers, he broke it with the Montreal Royals—in now heavily populated by black and Latino players. (With Japan on the charge.)

In the same on the track, once the domain of the lads from Oxford and Christy of Fair in Alberta, only two white males can go to gold medals. The rest, of course, were dominated by the Americans. (When Downson Bailey & Co. upset the Yanks in the sprint relay at the Atlanta Olympics, American sportswriters jeered at Canada's "Jamaican sprint team.") One could give a cynical, one supposes, about the origin of the U.S. sprint tradition.)

All the distance events are now the preserve of the Third World: Morocco, Ethiopia and Kenya. Kip Keino, the first non-white to hold the world mile record and now head of the Kenya Sports Federation, has explained that when you have



to run five miles to school every day (in your bare feet) you start with a certain advantage. (While our kids watch video games.)

The second point about Canadian ignorance of international sport is the casualty of government indifference. In 1972, the 1976 Montreal Olympics approaching, the Trudeauan knew as always that only money was needed to cure all problems. Then Health Minister John Munro started the race to state-subsidized jockedom. It was accelerated by his successor, Marc Lalonde, and then ground into fall fester when the Charros of Sport, Jean Carpagliolo, was given the new fancy portfolio of minister of fitness and amateur sport.

Ottawa, desperate to show off Montreal as Olympic host, through Sport Canada set out quickly to emulate the Eastern European sport factories. The world was searched to find the coaches our own culture couldn't produce. Head track coach came from Wales. Sprint coach from Finland. "Witches" coach from France. Rowing coach from Romania, named by a Pole Perinow. Rensselaire. Women's volleyball? Korea. Handball? Morocco. Water polo? Hungary. In 1980, 27 professions! Coaches smuggled in from abroad to do what Ottawa didn't want us to see it was doing.

In 1970, Ottawa spent \$5 million to subsidize "amateur" sport. By 1980 the budget was \$30 million. At the 1972 Olympics, by model coast Canada ranked 21st in the world. By 1976 in Montreal, we were eleventh—the mass-produced robots of Eastern Europe took four of the top six spots but only three non-Communist nations, the U.S. with 217 million souls, West Germany with 62 million and Japan with 113, outsold little Canada.

That, of course, was when Ottawa caved. The Montreal Olympics over and now the new Conservative Liberals wanting to solidify their rule with massive budget cuts to slash the deficit, sport has been forgotten. Jean Carpagliolo as Liberal party president scanned a national TV audience on the night of John Turner's victory as leader by announcing that Jean remains "first in our hearts."

Just has not forgotten. He has announced that next month Jean Carpagliolo will be sworn in as British Columbia's new lieutenant governor. In J.C.'s Liberal government, patronage comes before priorities.

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